

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 2, 1941

## WHO'S WHO

JOHN E. KELLY, it may be noted, apropos of his article this week, is not and never was a Catholic. He finds in the Catholic Church, however, a solidarity and a force that can combat the deadly attack of international Communism. Like many other non-Catholic citizens of the United States, Mr. Kelly foresees the danger of Marxism in our midst. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, our Literary Editor, has many interests beyond poems and books. One of these is education and the theories that govern it. . . . RUTH MOSHER REYNOLDS is the eldest daughter of the eldest daughter of Warren Mosher. In this year, when she may cast her first vote, she has been named the Editor of the *Parish Monthly*, a service begun by her grandfather more than forty years ago. . . . THOMAS F. MEEHAN, more than four times older than Miss Reynolds, contributes his recollections of Grandfather Mosher and the Catholic Summer School. . . . CHARLES G. McMANUS is serving on the editorial staff for the summer, and most capably. . . . MELANIE STAERK is an instructor in Government and International Relations at Rosemont College, Pa. Born in Switzerland, she lived and studied on the Continent and in England. She entered the Church in 1932. She has been most active in Red Cross organization. . . . DORAN HURLEY turns literary this week. That is because the irrepressible lady he created, Mrs. Patrick Crowley, was, all unbeknownst, his early literary guide. . . . THE POETS include Tom Boggs, well known author and anthologist, in his first appearance in this Review; Isabelle B. Longfellow, of Wichita, Kans.; William A. Donaghy, of Weston, Mass.; Lou Baldwin, from Chicago, Ill.; and Sister Miriam Fidelis, of Detroit, Mich.

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# COMMENT

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THE proposal made by General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff, that American soldiers may be sent to Europe, Asia and Africa, was revived with increased vigor. In order to get immediate Congressional action on the recommendation for extension of the time limit of service for the trainees and guardsmen, the foreign-service recommendation was diplomatically submerged. Now that the Administration, the Army and Congress are agreed that the soldier lads are to be kept under arms "for the duration," Congress and the President must determine the question of their being sent outside the Western Hemisphere. If authority is granted, the United States must inevitably enter into an aggressive war. American troops occupied Iceland on July 7; 80,000 of them are required to hold that island against Germany. During the past ten months, American soldiers were sent to Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Antigua, St. Lucia, Trinidad and British Guiana; more than 150,000 men are, or will be stationed in these foreign American defense posts. Large concentrations of American fighting men are in the Panama Canal Zone, in Alaska, in the Philippines and our other possessions. General Marshall is demanding authority to send the one-year-draft young men, the National Guardsmen, the new conscriptees into other danger spots. He does not, publicly, mention the strategic posts across the oceans that the United States must hold. Are American soldiers to be sent to West Africa, to Dakar or Freetown? For that venture, 100,000 men, it is estimated, will be needed to repel any German attack. Are our soldiers to be sent to Eastern Siberia, for active service against the Nazi forces? Are American soldiers to follow American engineers in Northern Ireland? Are the trainees and guardsmen to be used in Spain and Portugal? Are they to take over the European possessions in the Pacific, as an advance action of the shooting war with Japan? The American people, in a vast majority, is almost totally opposed to sending another American Expeditionary Force into Europe, Asia and Africa. General Marshall has quite persuaded the House Military Affairs Committee that the soldiers under his command must fight on foreign soil, if we, back home, are to be saved from Hitler. If you do not agree with General Marshall, tell your Congressman and Senator, and above all, tell the President.

PEACE talk was both clarified and muddled by the address of Acting Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, at the dedication of the wing of the Norwegian Legation in Washington. Said Mr. Welles: "There can be no peace until the Hitlerite Government of Germany is finally and utterly destroyed."

Thereafter, Mr. Welles discussed the plans for the period of peace that would come upon the world. The leaders in Great Britain declare frankly that Hitler cannot be defeated unless the United States fights him. It may be presumed that Mr. Welles, who is a logical thinker, visioned the necessity of an American war against Hitler as the prerequisite for peace. Accordingly, there cannot be peace unless we wage war to defeat Hitler. We American Catholics have been praying for peace, in public novenas, in our parish services, every day in the Mass. Together with the Holy Father, we have been praying for a peace based on justice and charity. But Mr. Welles says we cannot have peace of any sort until Hitlerism is "finally and utterly destroyed." Certainly, Catholics universally must and do pray fervently that Nazism and Hitlerism be finally and totally destroyed. They pray for the just and charitable peace demanded by the Holy Father. But they cannot pray for the war-begetting-peace of Mr. Welles.

THE tabloids found a feature story in the will of William Guggenheim. It is a good story. He retired from what little business he did far back in 1901. But millions of dollars, from copper, kept pouring into his bank all through the next forty years. He devoted himself, meanwhile, to writing letters to editors and composing a sentimental song. Then he died, at the age of seventy-two, and left his estate, "more than a million dollars," to four showgirls. That was a harmless sort of charity. But Marshall Field, III, of Chicago, who has millions of dollars but hardly ever earned a penny, is devoting his unlimited wealth to the promotion of Left-wing, radical, Red causes. He is only one of the muddled millionaires who, somehow in God's Providence, have millions to play with. Some Catholics have wealth. One died and was buried gloriously, leaving his millions and his entertainment business to a few friends. Another, after some slight Catholic hurt, presented a monumental set of buildings and faculties to an un-Catholic university. And then, there was Stephen Girard, long ago, in Philadelphia. In measure, but not too overflowing, occasional wealthy Catholics do make limited contributions to hospitals, orphanages, churches and colleges, that is, for the erection of buildings. But we cannot just now remember any millionaire, or any hundred-thousandaire who laid a thumping big check down for a truly cultural purpose, or for Catholic action, or for the defense and the championship of the Church in these critical times. How powerful, just now, would be a hundred thousand dollars spent in behalf of God. We know just how it should be spent. But we do not know the Catholic millionaire who would be willing to spend it



before his death, or who would relinquish it, for God's cause, through his will.

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WE recommend a very practical step to the OPM. According to a recent prediction from that office, the country faces a very serious paper shortage. As an obvious and much-desired solution, we urge that priorities be established for decent and reputable papers and magazines. If the thousands of crime, sex, true story, true confession magazines were put on the deferred list, there would be little danger that magazines and papers that have something to contribute to American ideals and principles would have to cut down through lack of paper. The Government cannot or will not act to this end through moral considerations, but surely defense needs provide a lever to pry these rotten papers away from the young, on whom they chiefly batten. Few realize the staggering output of this type of poison. The monthly sale, for example, of the love-story magazine is greater than a five-year sale of *Harpers*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribners*, *The Forum* and *The American Mercury* combined. The crime magazines are now out-selling the Western stories. The comic magazines, many of which are questionable, have an average sale of a million dollars a week. If the OPM wants to do a practical job, let it save paper where it ought to be saved. Though it may not interest that office, such a move will save not only paper but much good American morale, both in civilian life, and in the camps, for these magazines can easily become the soldiers' only reading. If the USO will keep them out of the camps, and the OPM cut down on their paper supply, the American atmosphere will be a lot healthier.

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SYMPATHY for war and acts aiding the war spirit were manifested. . . . A Gallup poll of persons listed in *Who's Who in America*, showed fifty-five per cent of the *Who's Who* voters against war entry. A recent Gallup poll revealed that seventy-nine per cent of the general American public is against entanglement in the war. . . . Lord Halifax, British Ambassador and member of Great Britain's War Cabinet, spoke in San Francisco, warned against a Hitler "peace plot." . . . Addressing the House of Lords in London, Viscount Elibank urged that the British War Cabinet be broadened to include "representatives of the Dominions, of India and the United States, who will very soon be nearer us in the war than they are already." . . . Speaking in Maine, Mayor La Guardia argued for the need of civilian preparation "now that war has made every city in this country a prospective target." . . . General John M. Palmer, retired, told a Senate committee that Hitler "in order to achieve his aim, must conquer or encircle the United States." . . . The British-American Ambulance Corps sponsored newspaper advertisements headlined: "Join the V-Club of America." . . . A newspaper advertisement arguing against a negotiated peace and urging everybody to read a recently published book, was

paid for by Raymond Clapper, Mrs. Dwight W. Morrow, Carl Van Doren, Albert D. Lasker, Matthew Woll, John Kieran, Wendell L. Willkie. The *New York Times* ran an editorial lauding the advertisement and the book. . . . A poll staged by a London paper, the *News Chronicle*, showed seventy-two per cent of the British people questioned believe the United States will enter the war, forty-three per cent think Britain will lose if the United States stays out. . . . Prime Minister J. N. Andrews of Northern Ireland expressed the hope that the United States would join the fighting soon. . . . In London, Harry L. Hopkins, Lease-Lend Administrator, declared the United States would turn out enough shipping to transport supplies to "every theatre of war," and added: "We are going to protect those ships, but I cannot discuss the details."

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OPPOSITION to war involvement was articulate. . . . Alfred M. Landon announced reluctant support of the move to keep draftees and Guardsmen for more than a year, moved thereto, he said, because the President's "provocative words and bellicose policies and acts" have pushed the country "too far not to be armed to the teeth." He accused the President of talking peace while edging toward war. . . . Representative Barry wrote the White House that he had received numerous letters from his Long Island constituents urging the removal of Secretaries Knox, Stimson and Ickes for pro-war activities. . . . In a radio address, Senator Tobey, after recalling President Roosevelt's pledges to the "fathers and mothers of America," declared: "Yet, in the face of these assurances, the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Knox, has, with the consent of the President, declared for immediate warfare by our naval forces." . . . Representative Knute Hill told an America First Committee meeting in Chicago: "It is far better to have \$7,000,000,000 go down to the bottom of the sea than have a single son of an American mother give his life in a war not of our making." . . . John T. Flynn, economist and author, warned that Americans are being prepared for a role in "one of the most terrible wars in history." Asserting that hundreds of thousands of American boys would be killed, he said he was not willing to sacrifice them in order "to make the world safe for the British Empire or to keep burning the torch of Communism in Soviet Russia." . . . Representative Robsion, of Kentucky, stated: "More than ninety per cent of the people in my district are bitterly opposed to our involvement in this war." . . . Soldiers stationed in New Jersey, Maryland and Illinois telegraphed Senators protesting against the extension of time in service. . . . Stating that the President is basing his foreign policy on the advice of "a little handful of men who couldn't be elected to the office of dogcatcher," Senator Wheeler exclaimed: "Knox, Stimson, Ickes, Hopkins and Frankfurter—what a motley crew to determine foreign policy for 130,000,000 people in the United States." American public opinion is flouted by this group, the Senator intimated.

THE lovely waters of Lake Champlain, the Green Mountains and the Adirondacks may not know it, but this year they become the scene of a notable anniversary. Fifty years ago Mr. Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, Ohio, conceived the idea of a Catholic Summer School, and for half a century of summers since, thousands have spent the months at Cliff Haven, enjoying themselves and learning more about their Catholic heritage at the same time. This summer, an especially attractive list of lectures is being offered, and the School honored by the presence of a Bishop, to pontificate on each Sunday during July and August. Another fruitful fifty years to Cliff Haven.

SUPERNATURAL institution though it be, the Church depends for much on the natural. And so, a National Emergency can reach out far and wide to effect the work of the Church in distant lands. Writing from Mindanao, Philippine Islands, Joseph Reith, S.J. states that since four more President Liners have been removed from the Pacific run and taken over by the Government, "we may expect a greater decrease in imports from the United States, which even at this time are precariously scanty—flour is all but exhausted." The work of the schools and hospitals will be greatly hampered.

WHAT scientists think about religion seems, for some reason or other, to be particularly fascinating to many people. Professor Einstein's dicta on this subject have made print more than once, but the latest and most mystifying come through the mouth of his friend and collaborator, Leopold Infeld. In *Quest: the Evolution of a Scientist* he states that Einstein

feels about physics as the mystic feels about God. . . . God is Logic and Logic is God. . . . Nothing is as important as physics. No human relation, no personal life is as essential as thought and the comprehension of how "God created the world." . . . When he had a new idea, he asked himself: "Could God have created the world in this way?" . . . Translated, this means: "Is the theory logically simple enough?"

It all seems very confusing to us, but then, we never did well in physics, anyway.

THIS cold mathematical Deity would not be one to stimulate what His Holiness, the Pope, according to the *Osservatore Romano*, has noted recently, "a widespread reawakening of faith and piety." These observations of the Pontiff have been confirmed in many letters received from prisoners of war and from the wounded.

BUILDING on the three foundation stones of stable and secure family life—sanctity, unity and indissolubility—the Church's influence on the family was incalculably great and beneficial during the formative era from 500 to 1,000 when Western Christian civilization was taking shape. So contends the Rev. Dr. Edgar Schmeidler, O.S.B., Director of the Family Life Bureau of the N.C.W.C. It is interesting to contrast this fact with a sad contemporary one. According to Dr. Joseph W. Moore, Chairman of the New York State Parole

Board, broken homes are a great factor in breeding crime. In a survey of 2,000 prisoners, it was found that forty-three per cent came from homes that were broken up before they were sixteen years old. And divorce played no small part in this breakup.

ANGUISHED cries of horror rent the heavens when the *Syllabus* of Pope Pius IX appeared in 1864. It was "reactionary, intolerant, narrow." Today, however, it is winning some appreciation for its sanity and long vision. At least, this point was called to the attention of the Harvard Summer School by Michael J. Ahern, S.J. Addressing it on the subject of the Church's opposition to totalitarianism, the speaker pointed out that this philosophy had been condemned "in principle" by Pius IX. The *Syllabus* is subtitled: "A Summary of Modern Errors," and in the section dealing with Civil Society state absolutism is fearlessly damned.

CHINA'S war goes on, but an older and more important one there, Christ's truth *versus* paganism, seldom makes the headlines. A recent item, though, deserves notice. Despite Japan's inroads, and the consequent disrupting of much mission activity, the Most Rev. Cyprien Cassini, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Pengpu, recently ordained the largest class in the history of the China missions, twenty-seven Jesuits and ten diocesan priests. Nearly one half were native; of the rest, there were: five Spaniards, three Americans, three Hungarians, two French, Germans, Austrians, one Canadian. Hostile nationalities can work together under God.

REPORTS of continued and vicious persecution of the Church in both the German and the Soviet occupied sections of Poland make sad reading, but it is heartening to hear that the spirit of the people remains unshaken. This is true of the violated Baltic countries, too. Even the *Godless Magazine*, organ of the Militant Godless Movement in the U.S.S.R., has to admit:

in our endeavor to enlighten the people, we must use special tactics in insisting upon the harmful character of religion. . . . But since twenty-two years have not been enough to liquidate the church in the U.S.S.R., we shall have many difficulties in extirpating the remains of religious prejudices in the Baltic countries.

WHENEVER we hear of Youth Groups, Youth Congresses, we unfortunately are inclined to think of red. Sometimes, though, we ought to think of green, the color of hope, for Catholic youth groups are truly one great hope for the future. Witness the Canadian Catholic Youth Union, which held its second summer school at St. Joseph's University, Memramcook, N.B., July 28-August 1. The theme was "Our Need to Lead"; the four parts of the program were: Liturgy and Leaders, Training Leaders, Leaders Today in War, Leaders Tomorrow in Peace. The spirit of the school was summed up in the words of Pope Pius XI: "The crisis through which we are living is unique in history. No one is entitled to remain mediocre."



# FOR THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA AGAINST THE COMMUNIST THREAT

JOHN E. KELLY

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COMMUNISM may be losing Russia, but winning America. Among the possibilities of this unpredictable war is that the Red "ism" may be driven from its lair to take refuge in the citadel of capitalistic democracy. The German attack upon Soviet Russia marks the most important turning point in the Administration's foreign policy since the "quarantine the aggressors" speech. Communism which, at this writing, is retreating before the Panzers finds an easier, and more profitable, campaign in boring deeply into the American democracy.

The infiltration is accelerated by the prevailing *laissez-faire* materialism. All of the favorable elements are present: cynicism in public life, lack of the crusading spirit or consciousness of national unity, a matured economy, government prodigality of taxpayers' money, private distress, mounting taxes, confusion, and in the face of a proclaimed "defense boom" the threatened proximate closing of one-third of the nation's factories for lack of raw materials. Nor has our educational system prepared a bulwark of defense. Stress is placed on internationalism, the antithesis of patriotism, and a patina of false culture prevails, requiring genuflection to "modernism"—the sheep's clothing of Communism. The *intelligentsia* who find Leftist sophistries "so stimulating" might with profit read of Philippe Egalité.

There is no doubt but that Communism would willingly exchange Russia for the United States, if both were not possible. Karl Radek often said that the Kremlin would trade all the world for the American Republic. "What a country to loot!" sighed the slobbering lips of the *Politburo*. Those who felt that Soviet Russia was abandoning its diplomatic embrace when Ambassador Troyanovsky was recalled to face liquidation, underestimated his successor. Constantine Oumansky did not continue the "proletarian buffets" of champagne and caviar for 2,000 guests high in official and social circles, but the little man has worked quietly and to good effect, even while the Communist Government was lightly tapped on the wrist officially for signing the Russo-German pact of August, 1939. Prior to coming here, Oumansky was Commissar of Information and spent his time reading voluminous reports on every phase of American life, which packed the Soviet diplomatic valises from Washington to Moscow. When he arrived, primed to the finger tips, his mission was "to soften up America for Communism."

As AMERICA has pointed out previously, upon the signing of the Russo-German pact, the Reds in the United States split into three factions. The bulk of those who had found Communism profitable, in the arts or in public office, washed their hands of Stalin and became Marxists or Leninists, or "100 per cent Americans," persecuting their erstwhile comrades who remained loyal to Stalin as proof of their own righteousness. Radio commentators who had followed the Party Line slavishly, now howled discordantly of the "horrible Communists," fooling no one. The Trotskyites were already apart, differing fundamentally from Marx and Stalin in that they disdain boring from within in favor of complete destruction "to build anew on the ashes."

There were thus, temporarily, three types of Communists. There are also three species of rattlesnakes, prairie, timber and sidewinder. They may differ slightly in size or markings, but they are all snakes with a fatal bite. Nor is the attack on the Trotskyites out of character. They are the "direct action" boys, abjuring the velvet glove; they are not interested in fat government jobs, they want to overturn the government entirely. This would not suit the Red placeholders who wax fat while little by little they take full control. The current indictment of the Trotskyite Reds may stem from the anger of Teamsters' Union President Dan Tobin at the fast-and-loose Dunne Brothers who control Milwaukee labor; it may be purely a liquidation in Communist fashion, though legal rather than elemental as in the "worker's paradise," or it may be a red herring to distract attention from the borers.

At this moment, the Trotskyites are the least of the three dangers, for they are relatively penniless and their appeal to labor and the unemployed requires worse economic conditions directly felt by the worker. During an economic crash, however, they could elbow aside their fatter brethren and put their direct-action program into force.

There was a great sigh of relief and thanksgiving from the *intelligentsia* and the Red office-holders when Stalin returned to the fold. For Russia is now not only a democracy but an ally, as certified to by Mr. Churchill himself. It is a relatively simple task, the Reds believe, to sell Stalin, who has murdered more Christians than anyone in history, to the American people as a great world leader of liberty. It was not difficult to persuade the Americans that Communism in Spain was democracy. Now that the great *rapprochement* is consummated, and the

Leninists and Stalinists are in each others' arms again, it will be harder than ever to attack Communism in this country, for to do so will be close to treason in the eyes of powerful placeholders and interventionists. Indeed, there were immediate demands for the release of Earl Browder and it is confidently predicted that the Harry Bridges trial will be pigeonholed. The half-hearted attempt to exclude Reds and fellow travelers from the platforms and membership of the interventionist groups was soon soft-pedalled, especially after Churchill's endorsement.

The Reds are not so much interested in winning the war in Russia as they are in winning their war against the American people. But Stalin's fight with the Germans insulates his followers against investigation and attack here, and is therefore a godsend to the godless. Not that they had ever stopped their infiltration. The press has reported that all applicants for Federal jobs are minutely investigated, with particular emphasis on ideology. Several persons of good record, but strongly anti-Communist, have been dropped, while known Reds are appearing in the newest bureaus and commissions, ensconced in commanding positions, to complement their fellows long established in Washington. "You must be Left to be right."

Congressman Taber and others have named the new office-holders and given their pedigrees, without result. In fact the apathy of the reform element toward the problem of Communist infiltration is as disturbing as it is significant. The Bridges trial was forced by the American Legion and a newspaper chain over the vehement protest of a Cabinet member. In the face of challenges, mountains of evidence and crying need for the removal from office of key officials in the New York City administration who have been denounced as Reds and fellow travelers by veterans, labor unions, civic and religious groups and newspapers, the Mayor of New York, now Federal Administrator of Civilian Defense, has taken no step nor uttered a word.

The Legislature of the State of New York, forced by popular pressure to investigate Communism in New York City, has been hampered by all manner of organized opposition, while the accused officials have openly mocked the Legislative Committee. Far from being forced to the defensive, the radicals are at this moment engaged in a vigorous campaign to eliminate "released time" (an hour during which children are released from the public schools to engage in religious instruction of their choosing) although it was passed by an overwhelming vote of the Legislature only two years ago. Christianity is incompatible with Communism, there can be no successful boring-from-within where the youth of a nation is soundly religious.

Fellow travelers are part of the Communist establishment, softening the victims for the attacks of the borers. In the United States, the fellow travelers are more numerous and more powerful than even in the Third Republic of Leon Blum. A fellow traveler in Cabinet or Court may be much more dangerous to traditional Americanism than a too publicly known Stalinist party leader. Fellow trav-

elers make great parade of their "liberalism," and devote themselves to smearing conservatives. Part of the Red strategy in seeking dictatorship is to accuse their enemies of like design, thereby focusing the people's alarm and suspicion upon the anti-Reds until the moment is ripe for the Communist coup.

Sound Marxist practice is the elimination of the small business man, the *petit bourgeois* who is the bane of the radical, and the nationalization of big business by stealth. By forbidding private capital to make loans, industry is required to borrow of government. A lender may nominate directors and managers. Defense orders have priority, taxes siphon off profits and dividends to the private stockholder, labor is regimented as a political weapon. The little business man is ground out in the mill of inflation and taxes, big business is socialized for the greater glory of Marx.

Communists denounce the family and home as antiquated. The current joint marital tax plan possibly, just possibly, may be a coincidence, when it places a financial premium upon the destruction of marriage ties. Washington swarms with those who seek to destroy the family as an important step toward a rootless and Godless society, keystone of the Communist State.

The Popular Front has been re-established and is stronger than ever. Anti-Communism will be dubbed un-American; the practice of Christianity will be cause for suspicion. There is now no barrier to Communism: "It is patriotic." Did not the strikes cease in defense industries, when Moscow gave the word? Intervention, class war, bigotry are merely methods of conditioning those so stupid Americans, "so lacking in social consciousness," for their niche in a Communist America. The Red agitator need no longer be weeded out of the unions; he remains as the mentor of patriotism. Communism engulfs the interventionist movement, possessing the more gifted and experienced *intrigants*; Thomas Lamont of the House of Morgan for the first time attends a Communist gathering in Madison Square, presided over by Corliss Lamont.

Communism is evil *per se*. It is not a political philosophy to be embraced or rebuffed at the exigencies of national expediency. It is a cancer, fatal if tolerated; it can be excised only by a prompt and major surgical operation.

In the tempest of words that beat upon us, exhorting us to save the world, save democracy, save liberty, in the swirl and fog of self-interests and special pleadings, of alien accents commanding us to spill the blood of our youth on foreign shores, to make common cause with those untrue to themselves, with opportunists, with enemies open or secret, what shall a man believe? A voice has spoken, not from self-interest nor in the rush and emotion of war, but from the depths of calm and pity. The words of that voice, of His Holiness Pius XI, we venture to predict, will one day be erected on plaques of bronze in the forums of a liberated people: "Communism is intrinsically wrong and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever."



# EDUCATING FREE MEN IN OUR AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

HAROLD C. GARDINER

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THE man who greeted the first giraffe to impinge upon his optic nerve with a pained and bewildered "it can't be true, there's no such animal," was no realist. For a realist is one who admits facts when he comes to know them. They may be unpleasant or shocking or otherwise disturbing, but if they are facts, as the giraffe was and is, the honest man will not boggle at them.

There is, perhaps, no field of human endeavor wherein unrealism buds into more over-luscious fruit than the field of education. And since we in America have more facilities for education per square foot of the soil than any other nation, our crop of educational unrealists is particularly vocal and lush.

Some time ago, this Review carried remarks about that inadequate educational philosophy which insists that the end and purpose of education ought to be to prepare for "life." The point was there attempted that such an education was bound to be distorted, for the simple reason that educators of the Dewey-Thorndike-Kilpatrick school, who mold so much of our educational thought, do not know what *life* is.

This sad and fundamental falsehood of much of American education was recently brought home to me most strikingly. I happened upon an examination in what I suppose would be called "home economics," given to pupils in a large metropolitan high school. Seventy per cent of the pupils in the school were from poor homes, even from slum homes. They had, if they were lucky, the bare necessities of life. Yet, to boys and girls of this class were given questions like these: "Set a dinner table for five courses, arranging the silverware and wine glasses properly; what should you say in ordering a new topcoat (for boys), a new ermine wrap (for girls)?"

Here were these poor children who, perhaps, never saw or heard of a topcoat or an ermine wrap, who never ate more than a half-course dinner, being inducted into "life." Politeness and social graces are, of course, to be developed, but questions like these, it seems to me, are a positive disservice. They build up a set of false values, they impress the young with the specious ideas that topcoats and wraps and silverware and crystal are the things that make them ladies and gentlemen. Such education is Hollywood glamor and nothing else; it is a veneer like nail lacquer, which, even when applied to clean nails, never made a lady.

For politeness that does not rest on a solid base of charity, of love for one's fellow, is mere polish. And you cannot love your fellow men if you do not love them in God, because mankind is just not loveable on mere human grounds. Man in the concrete is mean and petty and devious, and whereas philanthropists find it very easy to proclaim their love for man in the bulk, and to spread their millions on palaces for his amusement and pleasure, the Saints have found it hard to love, not mankind, but individual, disgusting, disappointing man, and it took God's grace to sustain a Claver, holding ulcerous Negro slaves in his arms, or a Damien, nursing his beloved lepers.

This is not a sermon on charity, though any article on education might well be. It is rather an observation prompted by the real truth of the unreality of much American education, that prepares for life by assigning false and glamorous values to life.

This lack of realism is not a mere academic question. It has very definite applications today, in the national crisis through which we are passing. Many an educational muezzin stands upon the ivory minarets of our graduate schools and summons the public-school faithful to gird its loins to preserve our "American way of life" through the democratic process in education. But if democracy is a real thing, and we believe it is, then it must be preserved and developed by real, realistic education. And most of the manifestos I have seen in recent months are not real, because they side-step fundamental facts.

Recently, for example, the Educational Policies Commission, an organ of the National Educational Association of the United States and of the American Association of School Administrators, published an interesting booklet, *The Education of Free Men in American Democracy*. The acknowledgment credits Dr. George S. Counts with the authorship, but since the final version was unanimously approved by the Commission, it may be taken as representing the considered stand of most of our American educators.

The volume is thoughtful and sane in many things about which it is busy, but it misses, it is unreal, about the one thing necessary. With perfect logic and in hope-arousing fashion, page sixty-three tells us: "The intellectual foundations of all loyalties should be made clear. . . . If the 'free man' has no grasp of the sources of his faith, he is not

truly free." But search the little book as you will, you will not find these basic sources uncovered.

We know, you and I and the framers of the Declaration of Independence, that there is a basic source for our democratic faith. We have been told that we possess certain unalienable rights. "Unalienable" means "that cannot be taken away." If man, or any combination of men gave these rights, man or a combination of men could take them away. Hence, what our Fathers meant was that we have certain "God-given" rights, nor did they stop with the mere implication; they did not fear to use, in the Declaration, the august Name of God, of the Creator.

But a diligent search through the pages of this little book, that represents the best, we suppose, of American educators, discussing the basic foundations of American education, reveals no mention of "unalienable rights," and exactly two references to God, both in asides. Even when laying down "the first and most basic of the articles of the democratic faith, an article which embraces or at least provides the foundation for all the rest," namely that "the individual human being is of supreme worth," there is apparently a deliberate side-stepping of the "sources of democratic faith."

I say deliberate, for these educators are men of intelligence, and it takes very little indeed of that commodity to realize that the worth of the human individual, though a supremely important principle, is not *the* basic one. When we hear of the individual's worth, the question springs all unbidden to our mind: "Where do individuals get this worth?" And centuries of human thought and searching have found no other answer save that Christian one that stands on the first page of the catechism: "I was created to praise, reverence and serve God in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next."

Here, then, is a basic *fact* that American public-school education does not and, of its very nature, cannot recognize. And one who does not admit facts is not a realist. Again, going on to discuss the nature of the knowledge that free men should have, the first step is posited as being "basic knowledge of the nature of man in society." This, too, is good, as far as it goes; but we read that this consists in knowing:

that man is the most variable and versatile creature on the earth; that he lives under the compulsion of imperious appetites and desires; that he is capable of subjecting these cravings to varying degrees of rational control and even of sublimation; that he is endowed with inventive and creative talents of unpredictable import; that he builds cultures and institutions [we learn from a later page that man "creates" religion] and modes of life. . . .

we feel that something is missing. And it is, for *the* basic fact in the nature of man as a social being and in the history of mankind, is that God has an essential, continuous claim on us, and that we have ceaseless dependence upon and duties to God.

Why this reticence to come out boldly and say "God"? Can it be that our educators are afraid to say what they know to be true—afraid that His Name, mentioned in the class-room will cause the

walls of the public-school system to come tumbling down around their crimson ears? If so, they are not realists; they will not face facts, because the facts are not popular. Or have they ceased to be Christians, do they disbelieve what our Founding Fathers posited as the basis of our democratic system? Then they may be democrats of a sort, but they are not *American* democrats. They have betrayed the "American way of life," and when they talk about it, they are hypocrites, and hypocrites are not realists.

Education reared on this quicksand basis is not an education that is, generally, speaking, sound, with only a minor, to-be-tolerated inconsistency. It is fundamentally an *unreal* education, because it provides no solid rock of principle to withstand the floods. It is, then, an education that does a positive disservice to America—and note that we do not say "to religious or Catholic America," for here we are not considering this as primarily a religious question. We are looking on it as simply a question of good and principled democratic citizenship, and we claim that there can be no such thing without reference to the one, only solid basis there is, God.

When this cornerstone is rejected, various cant and false phrases are wheeled into line to launch their ineffectual cannonades against disruptive forces. "The school should inculcate a healthy skepticism toward all final and complete solutions to social problems. . . ." Well, birth control and divorce are social (and, incidentally, moral) problems, and there is a final (and only) answer, which I cannot be skeptical about. "One of the major articles of the democratic faith is that the human mind can be trusted and should be set free." Trusted in what, set free from what, and to do what? Without God, that means license.

Contrary to what you may have gathered if you have come thus far with us, we are not "debunking" ideals in education, or, if we are, it is only to plead that inadequate and unreal ideals give place at last to sane and full ones. With all her faults of materialistic imperialism, England has learned this lesson, and religion is finding place once again in her classrooms.

And our educators are coming to realize that the indifference of the public-school system cannot inspire the young. In this, they are realists. The book we are discussing remarks:

The more idealistic youth of today are not asking for a dole but for the opportunity to give their lives to a worthy cause. . . . [Educators] must meet the normal demands of youth, giving them a sense of purpose in life. . . . They must provide for young men and women that appeal to heroism and idealism which the dictators have perverted. . . .

This is true, but where the educators' realism breaks down is when they come to name this ideal. Sacrifice and idealism, heroism and a straining to the goal are not inculcated by an education that introduces the young to life through the medium of topcoats and ermine wraps. They can be and are being inculcated by an education that prepares for life well and soundly, because it is not afraid to mention the Source of Life.



# AN EVENING WITH WARREN E. MOSHER

RUTH MOSHER REYNOLDS

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*Very dear Grandfather:*

8:00 p.m.

Tonight I found you. At exactly 6:20 by the little round clock on the desk. There you were—a grandfather I had been denied even the memory of—coming to life for me in a bundle of scarred clippings. Something caught in my throat as I read the line after line of small black print telling me what a wonderful person you were. I know what you looked like, of course, from the miniature on my mother's bureau. Outside of that I knew very little about you until I found these clippings tucked away in an odd corner of the desk drawer.

One article, written more than forty-five long years ago, calls you a remarkable product of Catholic America. You were, you know. It says:

He is still in his thirties; born in Albany; a pupil of the Christian brothers; an alumnus of St. Francis Xavier college; a member of the Catholic Club; a literateur of finish and versatility; a speaker of clearness and power. An all around man for the great work he is in.

That's you, Grandfather, and that's a great deal. More than that, it says: "His is one of the lives really precious to the Catholic cause in America." Yours was a life dedicated unselfishly to the cause of Catholic education.

9:00 p.m.

It's nice spending the evening with you, Grandfather. Sitting here reading about you, about your Reading Circles, your magazine and your numerous activities—all Catholic.

Before I go any further I want to remind you that this should be a great year for you. Why? This is the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic Summer School of America. Just ten years before the turn of this streamlined century, you, a young Catholic layman from Ohio, laid with ardent labor the foundation for this now famous institution. I have before me an editorial in which Chancellor James Loughlin "Corrects an Error and Gives Honor Where Honor is Due." He writes:

I am compelled by justice to deprecate the honor of being called its [the Summer School's] founder. This honor belongs preeminently to Warren E. Mosher of Youngstown, Ohio, who, upon broaching the subject to me, found me an incredulous Thomas. I had little faith in what I called an attempt to put "new wine into old bottles." Mr. Mosher's perseverance and enthusiasm carried into the movement not only me but others much more energetic and more valuable to his purpose; but from first to last his is the glory, as his has been the inspiring impulse and hard work.

So yours is the glory. For yesterday, for today, for tomorrow. Step by step and building by building. From the first session held at New London,

Conn., to the present site of 400 acres at Cliff Haven on Lake Champlain. It's true that others carried on where you left off, with the same courage and spirit and force. The Summer School has often been referred to as the "cradle of Catholic culture." It was your creation.

10:00 p.m.

What does the Catholic Summer School mean to me? Until now I had not thought particularly about it. I can remember as a child spending my summers there. I remember tall pine trees and a long beach and the shining water of Lake Champlain. I can remember old ladies who patted my head and said: "This is Mary Mosher's little girl. Her grandfather founded the Summer School, you know." I remember the delight of hearing the train whistle tooting in the distance and of running lickety-split to the small station to lay a penny on the tracks and watch the train wheels flatten it to twice the size of my wondering eyes. I remember an old priest with a great, white beard who talked to me as if I were a grown-up. I was always extra good when he called. Because he was a priest? No. Because I thought he was Santa Claus!

I remember, lastly, the awe of watching a sunset turn the sky to flame and thinking that God had set the world afire to punish me for painting one half the porch green and the other half white. That's about as much as I do remember. It is not very significant. I know this, though. I hope the Summer School always stands as an enduring monument to your initiative and to your faith in the cause of Catholic education. Your glory lies not in the Summer School itself but in the idea it embraces, in the belief that led you to found it.

11:00 p.m.

I've been here for three hours now. Meditating, so to speak, on you. As a hard-driving Catholic layman, as a person, as my grandfather. I have in my prayer book a memorial card with your picture on it. It reads: "Of your charity pray for the soul of Warren E. Mosher who died on the Feast of St. Catherine of Sweden, March 22, 1906, aged forty-six fortified with all the Rites of Holy Church." Aged forty-six. So young to have died, they say. So young. Young in years, perhaps, but not in accomplishment. One article mentions that your health was suffering. To be exact, I quote:

Mosher has the genius of organization driving him pell-mell, and the fire of a set object lighting him and his blood is getting thin and his complexion sallow. Three years from now he will be called off by his physician, not too late, we hope.

We hope. But who is to say? You died at forty-six with your boots on. Still striving and living for all that was Catholic. You knew you were dying. For several years you knew that the end was inevitably approaching. You were a sick man and you worked with that much added zeal.

12:00 p.m.

You knew the answer to everything that was to come. You must have, although you never heard of planes or radio. You'd like to know what I'm

talking about? Well, all these things are called progress. Modern conveniences. They help you get places and do things faster. Do you know what, Grandfather? I seldom walk places. I ride. In a car. I can sit in my room and have the whole world brought to me in a magic box called a radio. Or I can go to the movies. You didn't know of things such as these. You didn't even know that one day buildings would rise to the nearest cloud. But you had the right answer. You wrote many years ago in a Message from Ohio's First State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, Warren E. Mosher:

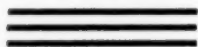
At no time in our history has there been a greater need for the highest type citizenship than now. We are confronted by dangers that threaten the very life of our nation. In the Catholic body are the forces that make for good citizenship, morality, religion and intelligence. The Catholic church is the greatest safeguard of our national safety, socially and politically.

Words that might have been written an hour ago, so true are they of today.

Though the shriek of a bomb might shatter the stillness of the night, you knew that what you had lived and died for would remain. Through the rain of blood, through the march of hatred, through the storm of confusion. It would be there, "shining in darkness." *Goodnight, Grandfather.*

## A POSTSCRIPT: FIFTY YEARS AGO

THOMAS F. MEEHAN



NOT even the lapse of half a century can lessen the pleasures of the memory of the incidents that led up to the inauguration of the Catholic Summer School of America, the evolution into practical activity of the long, anxious efforts of its founder, Warren E. Mosher.

It was the era of the popular success of the Chautauqua circuit and its summer assemblages and of the Y.M.C.A. projects, at that time, often insidious proselyting expedients. Out in Youngstown, Ohio, Mr. Mosher had been very active in promoting Catholic reading circles and urging the encouragement and patronage of Catholic literature and all suggestions for intellectual culture.

Why cannot we Catholics, he asked, also have some program, or a center where we can come together in the summer time for the purpose of advancing our spiritual, intellectual and friendly intercourse. He was a good talker and he kept up the propaganda of his idea with every opportunity that presented itself. It was such an out-of-the-way novelty that he had a hard time getting any practical response. Finally he persuaded Msgr. James Loughlin, the President of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, an organization started in 1875, seriously to consider the project.

Msgr. Loughlin, on January 17, 1892, wrote a letter to the *New York Catholic Review*, a weekly of then national influence, fashioned somewhat like today's *AMERICA*, strongly advocating the establishment of a Catholic Summer School.

There was an immediate endorsement in the Catholic press and by representatives of cultural progress, which brought about a meeting at the Catholic Club, New York, on May 12, 1892, and the official approbation of that scholarly prelate, Archbishop Corrigan. Much consideration of the details followed. This led to the determination to have a Summer School meet at New London, Conn., with a session during the period from July 15 to August 5. A thousand guests representing twenty States attended, and Warren Mosher's dream became a reality.

This experiment was such a success that it was decided to make the Summer School a permanent institution and an association to bring this about was organized. Just where it should be located then became the urgent problem. Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, was very anxious to have a New Jersey sea-shore choice made, somewhere in the Asbury Park, Spring Lake section, where he could suggest several attractive sites. This had many advocates as it was within easy distance by railroad and water from New York and had all the attractions of ocean side recreation in addition to the Summer School literary and educational schedule. However, it was set aside for the offer of the Delaware and Hudson Railroad of 450 acres of land on Lake Champlain, three miles south of Plattsburg.

The sessions of 1893, 1894, and 1895 were held in Plattsburg, and in 1896, Cliff Haven, as the lake site assembly grounds were named, saw the annual gathering there. A chapel, an auditorium, a dining hall, the Champlain Club and several residences had been constructed and a rivalry for cottages to be owned by patrons from various localities began. Philadelphia was the first, followed by New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Rochester, Albany, Buffalo and New Jersey. Catholics from all parts of the country responded then and in the years since, to the invitation of the Summer School Administration to visit Cliff Haven as an important popular educational center, where, from the most authoritative sources and organized Catholic intellectual forces, the Catholic point of view on the issues of the day would be presented in courses of lectures and social gatherings covering eleven weeks.

Four Presidents of the United States have visited the Summer School, as well as the several Apostolic Delegates, the four Cardinals and most of the other members of the hierarchy, statesmen, educators, and others prominent in all walks of life.

It is a special satisfaction to note that, in the three weeks of commemorating the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic Summer School, no opportunity was neglected to give due credit to the fact that it was the enthusiastic energy and the persistent efforts of the founder, Warren E. Mosher, that gave the initiative to the progress the records of the past fifty years now present.



# PRIESTS IN PRAYER AT THE MARTYRS' SHRINE

CHARLES McMANUS

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THERE is no better witness to the energy with which our American clergy pursue the priestly ideal, than the development which the retreat movement has undergone in this country. First and foremost item in this development is the official diocesan retreat, made regularly, in accordance with the prescriptions of Canon Law, by all the priests of each diocese in a body.

And now a new development has appeared. Many priests have always felt that the diocesan retreat, while of immense value as a time of special prayer and spiritual renewal, was necessarily limited in the needs it supplied, due to its official character and the large numbers in attendance. They were conscious of individual spiritual needs and aspirations which they felt would be better satisfied in more highly specialized retreats.

This desire grew over a period of years and made itself felt in more and more sections of the country, until two years ago the first attempt was made to answer it, through a retreat house erected by the Jesuits at Auriesville, N. Y. This new movement was begun quietly, relying on no advertising save the personal recommendations passed on by those who had made one of the retreats, yet the number of applications has increased steadily.

Having grown out of a specific need on the part of priests, this new retreat movement is being restricted so that it may not deviate from the purpose for which it was founded. Applications are accepted only from priests of regular standing who desire a greater progress in the spiritual life, a more detailed practice in the ideals of priestly perfection than they feel they could otherwise obtain. Furthermore, individual groups are never very large. Such restrictions insure full cooperation in, and maximum efficacy from, the intensive program which is offered at Auriesville.

The retreat follows the complete outline of the *Spiritual Exercises* of Saint Ignatius Loyola—a thing never before attempted in this country on any large scale save for members of religious orders—and the tremendous impression it makes derives entirely from that fact. For in building his *Exercises*, Saint Ignatius evinced a psychological insight that seems inspired. They have a spiritual impact, derived from their carefully planned growth, that can only be experienced, not described; and only one who has experienced it can understand why Pius XI made Saint Ignatius the heavenly Patron of all retreats, and declared: "Among all the methods of spiritual exercises . . . one has ever held the foremost place . . . that of Saint Ignatius."

At any rate, that is the program at Auriesville:

eight full days of the *Spiritual Exercises*. Absolute silence is maintained the whole time. Three hours daily are devoted to formal meditation on matter taken from the *Spiritual Exercises* and explained beforehand by the director. One half hour each day is given to a discussion of pertinent topics by the director, and a similar period to self-examination: the weighing, and praying over, one's faults and virtues. Free time is dedicated to one's private devotions, to spiritual reading, to quiet thought and consultation with the director: it is expected that all such activities will be in conformity with the spirit and purpose of the retreat.

That is a strenuous program. But it does not create an oppressive "ascetic" atmosphere. The building is new and the rooms are comfortably furnished, even to the point of having an easy chair. And the director knows from personal experience that even a retreatant marches on his stomach: so the meals are good and plentiful. What is more, the site is admirably adapted, both physically and psychologically. The retreat house is an hour's ride west of Albany in the beautiful Mohawk valley, overlooking the river; all of which provides the kind of quiet beauty that helps tranquil thought. It is located on the spot where three Jesuit missionaries, our only canonized North American martyrs, met their death in the seventeenth century under the tomahawks of the Iroquois. There is an almost tangible atmosphere of holiness about the place, and as the retreatant walks on ground consecrated by the blood of Saint Isaac Jogues, Saint René Goupil and Saint John Lalande, the thought never fails to inspire genuine devotion.

The retreatants come from many sections of the country; some have traveled a thousand miles or more to make the Exercises. In their numbers, every variety of vocation is represented, though diocesan clergy constitute by far the greatest percentage: there are plain black cassocks and black cassocks trimmed with red; there are Religious in brown and in white; there are jubilarians and (in hearteningly large numbers) young priests only recently ordained. But all are at one in their enthusiasm for the experience they have had. The power behind the Exercises, when these are given undiluted and entire, is a revelation to them, and the consequent deepening of their priestly ideals has been a satisfaction to them all.

All this may seem wishful thinking, rather than an objective appraisal of the reactions of the retreatants. But there are tests. Many of them make this retreat in addition to their own diocesan exercises. Some even have to take the time out of their vacation period. And (the supreme test) all leave with the express intention of returning next year.

There is no doubt about it: the Auriesville retreats are the seed of an important spiritual movement and hold out immense promise for the supernatural growth, not only of the individual priest, but of the whole of the Church in America. They point out a great source of supernatural energy that has, as yet, been scarcely tapped in this country. They clearly manifest that our priests have the highest ideals, and intend to keep them high.

# THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN PEACE PREPARES FOR WAR

MELANIE STAERK

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IN the world of flags, the Stars and Stripes and the Red Cross appear as very close friends. Not only in America, but in other countries are they very frequently seen together. But Old Glory cannot lay an exclusive claim on this friend. Almost every nation's flag associates with the Red Cross, which, alone, is known and understood by a vaster number of the world's children than any other.

This is the paradox of the Red Cross: it belongs to the nation, and it belongs to the world. It often serves nationalism, yet it is international. It is an instrument of mercy and charity, yet it is an auxiliary of war. It appears on top of buildings in Berlin and London, Tokio and Chungking. It is painted on French and Italian ambulances. It is lettered on the office doors of the International Red Cross in Geneva, Switzerland, from where help of many sorts goes to prisoners of war of every nationality.

*Inter Arma Caritas* is the original Red Cross ideal; "to heal in time of war" was its original purpose. But in the course of time it has assumed many peace-time tasks. Today America's Red Cross is bigger, by every possible standard of measure, than that of any other nation. Small at first, it was reorganized in 1905 on the basis of a charter granted by Congress, and since then has taken a steady upward course of growth and consolidation.

In matters of applied charity, America has never been isolationist. Unlike other nations', America's Red Cross sees its responsibilities on a world-wide scale. The first German goosestep over Polish borders in 1939 galvanized it into immediate action.

In terms of dollars and cents, the Annual Report states: During the first months of the European War, relief operations were financed through an appropriation of one million dollars. However, when Belgium and Holland and Luxembourg were invaded, it became apparent that very large expenditures would be required. . . . A call was sent out for . . . ten million dollars. The . . . rapid spread of the war necessitated doubling this sum and the goal of twenty million dollars was reached in eight weeks.

On June 1, 1941, total foreign war relief expenditures amounted to some thirty-seven million dollars, absorbing part of the fifty millions voted to the American Red Cross for foreign relief by the Congress at its last session.

In terms of tangible supplies, it is reported that, to date, more than twenty million bandages and surgical dressings, close to ten million garments, nearly half a million miscellaneous items such as ambulances, surgical instruments, soaps, blankets,

dried vegetables and milk, etc., have been forwarded to war victims abroad.

In terms of countries benefited are listed Poland, Norway, Finland, Belgium, France, Greece, Yugoslavia, Great Britain, Spain, China. Even Germany was offered help, "but stated that no outside assistance would be required."

"Lofty ideals and high motives," said the Vice Chairman in charge of Insular and Foreign Operations on a recent occasion, "are not enough. . . . A strong, efficient, businesslike organization is required to translate words into action." Innumerable technical problems must be solved in the administration of large-scale foreign war relief. "Take, for instance, the activities that must go on behind the scenes to make possible a newspaper announcement that a Red Cross ship is to sail with relief supplies. . . . It cannot be done just by passing a resolution."

First of all, a ship must be secured—not an easy task these days. Then, the cargo must be carefully selected and assembled. Agreements must be entered into with all Governments concerned for the safe passage and arrival of the ship. Arrangements must be made at the place of destination for proper reception and distribution of the supplies. Sudden alterations in the working schedule must be made to meet the changing course of war. Often it is impossible to give aid, or much aid, in places where it is most needed, owing to lack of transportation and distribution facilities.

Even harder to solve than technical problems are those created by high diplomatic considerations. In principle and in tradition, the American Red Cross is amazingly international and neutral. Of itself, it does not inquire into the origin and degree of responsibility on the part of the various nations involved in war. But, being a semi-official organization, supported by the Government and supporting it in turn, it must forever aim at a compromise between its natural urge to give assistance wherever it is needed, and the nation's own immediate interests in any particular diplomatic and military situation. It is for this reason, among others, that the American Red Cross has stayed aloof from such controversies as are involved in the so-called Hoover Plan.

So far, too, most foreign relief has gone to the aid of Britain. "An average of five to eight boats leave weekly for England with Red Cross supplies, shipments to date totaling 910 consignments on



369 vessels." Very little, if any, aid is at the present time extended to German-occupied countries. Asked whether any supplies were being distributed in the Government General of Poland, for instance, Chairman Davis replied "No. There has been too much interference." On the other hand, over two million dollars' worth of relief supplies have been sent to unoccupied France, mostly in the form of milk for children, and it is the hope at National Headquarters that more can be sent. One and a half million dollars' worth has been distributed in Spain.

On May 15, 1941, many thousand copies of a significant little publication left Washington to enter upon their journey to desks and offices all over the United States, *American Red Cross National Defense Bulletin* Nr. 1. It is mimeographed on ten sturdy battleship-grey sheets of paper. It means business. It is the Headquarter's blueprint for Red Cross participation in a huge, powerful nation's defense effort. To be sure, the American Red Cross has relatively fresh memories of millions of dollars spent, millions of things produced and done in the last war. But if the signs are correct, these memories will soon pale in the light of the newest wars.

The most important difference, perhaps, comes from the one fact that this time, in addition to millions of soldiers, there will be tens of millions of civilians included in Red Cross preparedness activities. In this effort to fit civilians for situations that may never arise, the American Red Cross is in a very privileged position, since it has, in the course of years, built up a vast organization of peacetime programs that could easily be adapted to war time needs. For example, "American Red Cross disaster relief technique, already brought to a high pitch of efficiency, has been adapted to include defense hazards, with special emphasis on new industrial danger centers." Disaster preparedness committees have been increased. Courses are held in many localities to discuss organization of workers for "survey, rescue, medical aid, shelter, food, clothing, transportation and communication."

Red Cross First Aid instruction is being given this year to 300,000 CCC men and in many municipal police and fire departments. First Aid stations on highways have been increased to 3,000. Volunteer First Aid detachments are being organized in factories, hotels and colleges. Apparatus and instructions are provided free of charge to owners of delivery trucks and station wagons for the conversion of such vehicles into improvised ambulances. "A device recently designed makes it possible to convert delivery trucks into reasonably satisfactory ambulances within a few minutes."

Direct service to the military establishments of the United States, in the meantime, remains the primary purpose of the Red Cross, especially in war time, since the very idea of the Red Cross was conceived on a battlefield. With the passage of the Selective Service Act, therefore, the American Red Cross moved into its very own sphere.

Service hospitals were immediately expanded and should today have reached a total of 62,000 beds. More than 5,500 nurses were called by July 1. A campaign is being conducted to enroll an addi-

tional 10,000 graduate nurses for placement in a First and Second Reserve, the former consisting of women under forty. At the request of the Surgeon General of the Army, nearly three thousand medical technologists have been listed for possible service. A national defense blood plasma reservoir is gradually being accumulated and placed at the disposal of the army and navy. Forty million surgical dressings have been requested and are in the making. It is a far cry from the field hospitals of the Civil War and Clara Barton! The already well established Red Cross program for medical-social case-work in hospitals of the army and navy is also being enlarged now, and the staff of psychiatric social workers is growing.

The purely medical services, although essential, are not the only ones rendered to the Armed Forces. It is not only the sick soldier who is on the Red Cross programs. There are the "services affecting morale of the able-bodied." Certainly, the importance of morale in any modern national defense or war effort can not be exaggerated. Current history illustrates this daily for us. The foundation of morale, of course, cannot be artificially created. A great purpose, fully and ardently shared by soldiers and civilians alike must be there to begin with. Without it, "services affecting morale" can hardly promise lasting success. With it, they perform extremely useful work.

A soldier's spirits are greatly conditioned by the circumstances surrounding his family back home, and the relationship in which he stands with them. Four hundred Red Cross field directors and staff members are entrusted with the organization's Charter obligation of acknowledging "a definite responsibility to the families of service men living within their jurisdictions." The list of their functions is rather long, and includes such things as arranging for the relief of distress among families, securing reports on home conditions, encouraging correspondence between men and their families.

A soldier's spirits are further affected by the way he spends his time off. The provision of proper recreation for service men is a task the magnitude of which has recently been brought to the public's mind by the USO campaign. Within limits, imposed by funds and facilities available, the Red Cross is doing its share. It has recently made possible the procurement of recreational and athletic equipment to the amount of one million dollars for army and navy stations. By special Presidential order and in consideration of its unique semi-official position, the Red Cross is not included in the USO fund-raising campaign, but will carry on its own usual Roll Call in the fall.

3,700 Chapters and 6,000 Branches all over the United States work for the American Red Cross. Thousands of school children work and save for the Junior Red Cross. A membership of twelve million people is the aim for the next national Roll Call. At least half a dozen foreign countries, almost as many refugee governments, 130 million U. S. civilians and several million American soldiers have, within the last twenty-four months, turned their eyes trustingly to the American Red Cross.

## HITLER IN GEORGIA

WHAT army marched through Georgia nearly eighty years ago, we all know, but we do not yet know what army will march through Georgia in the year to come. At the moment, it looks like a regiment of the Ku Klux Klan, flanked by an army that shares the sentiments of Hitler. If that surmise is correct, Georgia will yet learn that of the two armies, Sherman's was the less destructive.

Marching through Georgia is the idea that the Negro is not only not a citizen, but a being definitely inferior to any white man. Here we find the race-supremacy error of Hitler, condemned by the Holy See, and by all right-thinking men. Just as Hitler will not tolerate opposition to his inhuman theories, so Georgia, at least as far as the State is represented by its Governor, will tolerate no teacher in its State University who dissents from the proposition that the white man is by nature the superior of the black man. Should he continue his dissent, he will be dismissed by the University's regents. Should the regents decline to act, they will be deprived of their office, and replaced by men who are wedded to the Hitlerian idea of the essential superiority of one branch of the human family.

Booker Washington used to say: "You can't keep the black man in the ditch without staying there yourself." No doubt the representative citizens of Georgia are wholly in accord with this sentiment. They see no advantage in trying to keep any citizen, white or black, in the ditch. White men and black men have lived in Georgia for centuries, and unless the Governor can launch against the blacks the brutality which Hitler used against Catholics and Jews, they must continue to live side by side. It will never help white Georgia to keep within the State's borders hordes of neglected blacks. Common sense and common humanity demand that the State use all its powers to raise the lowly of both races, since whites and blacks alike are citizens, equal before the law, and equal in the eyes of God, our Father, as members of the human race.

Unfortunately, the Governor of Georgia does not share these sentiments. They are too closely allied with Christianity, and with the principles by which every government dedicated to freedom, must be supported. Logically, the Governor should request the regents to authorize the erection on the university campus of a statue representing Hitler surrounded by a group of Klan kleagels.

Yet we shall be well advised not to empty our vials of wrath upon the heads of the Governor of Georgia, and his local petty *Fuehrers*. Some of that wrath should be reserved for the satraps who decline to employ the Negro, no matter what his qualifications may be, upon defense works. Sometimes it seems to us that the chief difference between bigots in the South and bigots in the North, is that the Southern bigots are more vocal. We protest Hitler's theory of race supremacy with poor grace, when we reduce it to practice in the United States.

## EDITOR

### A MEMO FOR CONGRESS

IT is heartening to observe that in his message of July 21, the President reminded Congress that it is not a branch of the Government without authority or responsibilities. The country needs this reminder, the war-mongers need it badly, but Congress needs it above all others. "The responsibility rests solely with the Congress," are the words with which the message concludes. We hope that Congress will take heart from this acknowledgment of its constitutional authority, and begin a new life by peremptorily rejecting every proposal which may bring this country into the war.

### NOT WAR BUT

THERE is no doubt whatever that the term of service for the men in the military camps will be extended for at least another year. But the Government has no idea, as the President has repeatedly stated, of converting them into another American Expeditionary Force. The sole purpose is to give them a training which will fit them to become an integral part of an adequate home-defense force. But since that training cannot be acquired in a year's time, the period of service must be extended.

What these young men thought about the length of their military service, what the experts thought, and what most of the people thought, is no longer a pertinent issue. Senator Norris, a stalwart champion of the Administration, admits that the men went to camp under the impression that their service would be terminated within twelve months. Others, as competent as Senator Norris, deny that any promise of a strictly limited period of service can be found, even by implication, in the Selective Service Act. Debate rages, and will continue to rage. But it is all purely academic, except to the extent that some of the facts which the dispute uncovers may be found useful hereafter for political, and even for military, purposes. The simple facts are that we must have trained men for home defense, that we have not got them now, and that we may get them, if the term of service is extended.

But any extension which Congress may authorize must not be stretched to include more than is actually contained in the legislative



## AMERICA FIRST

BUT Congress has responsibilities other than those involved in extending the term of military service for our young men, and in rejecting plans which might involve this country in a foreign war. There is an England and, as we are told rather frequently in these days, there will always be an England. But there is also a United States. The first responsibility of Congress is not to the England that shall always be. It is to the United States that cannot continue to be, if its interests are held subordinate to the interests of England, of China, or of any other Government.

## BUT HOME DEFENSE

grant. To be specific, should Congress add another year of service, or even service for an indefinite period, the grant would not authorize the creation of a military force to operate in wars outside of the United States and its possessions. Still less would this grant authorize the declaration of war by any Federal official.

These are times when it has become wholly necessary to insist again and again upon truisms in the interpretation of constitutional principles. The phrase "interpretation" does not mean that we are at liberty to read into a clause of the Constitution a meaning which is not there. On the other hand, we are not at liberty to exclude from a clause the meaning which it obviously expresses. Only Congress can declare the existence of a state of war. That authority can be taken from Congress only by the people, through an amendment to the Constitution.

The American people demand a home defense strong enough to deter the strongest power on earth from attacking them. But they do not want war, and they do not want another American Expeditionary Force. With the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, they "hope and pray that the young men of this nation will never again have to travel across the sea, and there lay down their lives. I hope that the good God will give our leaders the wisdom to see the light." The American people are willing to spend billions for adequate home defense, but not one penny for an army to be sent to fight in foreign wars.

## PROTECTED CAMP IMMORALITY

WHEN a million young men are gathered from all parts of the country, and put in military camps, social problems of the most difficult nature at once arise. The average man at home has his job, his hobbies, and his recreations. He is a clerk, student, a beginner at a trade, a business man. His hobby may be music, or stamp-collecting, or work as an amateur carpenter. For recreation he occasionally visits a moving-picture theater, attends a dance now and then, and sits in at a baseball game as often as he can find the time.

All these activities are forcibly set aside by the necessary discipline of a camp. The soldier lives with companions whom he has not chosen, and is taken up with occupations which, at best, he may barely tolerate. The old self-chosen life has ended, and he finds himself in a life of which twelve months ago he never dreamed. Obviously, the situation demands an adjustment which in some cases will be reached only with considerable difficulty.

No doubt the military authorities are even more keenly aware of these difficulties than any civilian can be. They know that men are not a herd of brutes who can be trained, at least in some fashion, by a show of force. Their problem here is to ease the young recruits into their new life, with only that degree of compulsion which military experience has shown to be useful. A new recruit is not exactly paralleled by a new boy at a preparatory school, but the conditions of the two have much in common.

One approach to a solution of this difficult problem is through a program which provides the recruits with facilities for athletic games, and with such amusements as moving-pictures and dances. To many of the newly-fledged soldiers these devices are very helpful. Occasionally the men are granted leave to amuse themselves outside the military camps, and the authorities try to keep the immediate neighborhood free from resorts which furnish opportunities for the intemperate use of alcohol and, especially, for sexual irregularities. In taking this desirable precaution, the authorities do not profess to act as censors of moral conduct. Their sole purpose is to keep disease out of the Army.

With that purpose we do not quarrel, for it undoubtedly prevents much disorder. What we do protest, however, and vigorously, is the apparent belief of the authorities that to prevent disease they are at liberty to use means and methods which are themselves immoral, and which, at least in some cases, even suggest that immoral practices may be indulged in provided that precautions against disease are taken.

It is decidedly shocking to know that, under army regulations, quartermasters are required to have on hand at all times a stock of mechanical devices which are supposed to protect the user against disease arising from sexual promiscuity. The new recruit is warned against immoral courses,

not only by the Chaplains, but also by the Army regulations. Should he contract a disease in consequence of violation of these regulations, he is subject to severe punishment. What is banned by the regulations is not, then, immorality, but the disease which frequently follows it. In this respect, the recruit may lead as immoral a life as he can manage, in view of the restrictions upon his liberty, but if, with the aid of devices furnished him by the Army, he escapes disease, he incurs no censure.

How many parents know of this practice? With sorrow and fear they watched their sons march away, but they were willing to give them to protect and defend their country. What do they think of the protection given their sons by the Army?

The arguments urged for this vile practice are not new. They were urged twenty-four years ago, when the armies were recruited for the first World War. They shocked the Christian conscience then, and they shock the Christian conscience today.

But it is a worthless shock unless it stimulates us to action. We suggest, therefore, that you write your protest at once to your Senators, and to the Congressman from your district. Let him know that you approve the action of the military authorities in putting all evil resorts out of bounds for soldiers, but that you object vigorously to the practice of furnishing these young men with devices which may lessen their fear of sexual immorality by protecting them against disease. Congress can change the regulation which requires the quartermasters to purchase these devices, and Congress must change it.

## PRAY FOR PEACE

IN a world that is filled with hatred and fear, Pius XII stands forth as the representative of Him Who commanded the waves, and there was a great calm. He alone speaks with no thought of personal or of national interest, but with unwearied solicitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of every human being. While others plot for war, and plan new horrors for wars in which they are engaged, Pius XII alone pleads with the nations to work for peace by fidelity to the policy of justice and charity for all.

Repeatedly has the Vicar of Christ asked the flock entrusted to his care to pray earnestly for peace. He has addressed this request particularly to little children, and to men and women whose lives are consecrated to the penance and prayer of the cloister. But today, he begs all of us, old and young, clerical and lay, to unite in fervent prayer for peace.

No Catholic will let a day pass without prayer for the intentions of the Holy Father. His intentions are the intentions of Christ, Whose Vicar he is, and it is the fervent desire of Christ and the Church that in fidelity to the great law of justice and charity for all, the world may find peace. May God, our Father and Creator, grant speedy fulfillment of the desires of Pius XII, Vicar on earth of His Son.

## GUARD THE CITY

FEW sights are so melancholy as that of a city which has fallen after an attack by a modern military force. Only the surviving inhabitants can fully appreciate the horrors of the days of siege, and of the days that follow, but we can form some concept of them as we look upon the photographs taken during the first and the present World War. Death and destruction fall from the skies, and as powerful explosives bring blocks of great buildings to the ground, incendiary shells spread flames in every direction to consume the very ruins. What has been built up over centuries by man's constructive ingenuity, is wiped out in a moment by man's ingenuity, perversely turned to purposes of vengeful destruction.

It was of a scene like this that Our Lord was thinking when, as we read in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xix, 41-47) "He drew near and saw the city" of Jerusalem. Gazing upon the beauty of the Holy City, He saw it brought low by enemies who would not leave "one stone upon another." The thought brought tears to His Eyes, and He wept, but His tears were not chiefly over the temporal ruin of the city. What touched His Heart was His thought of the suffering which the people would endure, and even more than this, His knowledge that Jerusalem would reject Him, as it had rejected the Prophets. Jesus did not weep because a gloriously beautiful city would be destroyed. He wept over the sin which would be the occasion of its destruction.

As Jesus wept for the sins of Jerusalem, so during the days of His pilgrimage He wept for our sins, and offered His life to His Father for our pardon. That pardon He won for us, but it will avail us nothing, if like Jerusalem, we do not know the things that are for our peace. Our soul is a city, and to it God sends the Prophets with their messages of warning, and their exhortations to repentance, and last of all, even as to the Holy City, He has sent His Son. Have we hearkened to these messages and exhortations? Have we received Christ with joy, and do we follow Him in the way of His Commandments? Or have we been so intent upon purely material interests that we have never found time to study the things that are for our peace? The city that is our soul can be made a heavenly Jerusalem, a city of light and peace, or it can become a city over which Our Divine Saviour must weep.

Which it shall be depends upon us. More alertly than any earthly captain seeking to take a city, Satan plans to destroy our spiritual city. He has his exploring parties, his miners and sappers, his fifth columnists, enemies within the gates, and they work untiringly for our destruction. We can beat him back, but not if we play with temptation, or trifle with sin, or fatuously think that we can make a treaty with him. Only when we turn to our great Captain Christ, and from Him learn the things that are for our peace, can we guard in all safety the city that is our soul. In Him alone is our salvation.



# CORRESPONDENCE

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## COLLABORATION WITH RUSSIA

EDITOR: You don't exactly have to rant and rave over this country's commitments to a policy of all-out aid to Russia, but you could take a more militant stand against it. What sort of world are we living in that forces us to accept politically expedient acts at the sacrifice of our ethical principles?

To what purpose would you continue to watch and stamp out the insidious machinations of Communism here, while helping it to survive and flourish abroad? Guarantees from Russia? You can't mean that! If you handed Stalin a knife with his assurance that he wouldn't stab you in the back the minute you turned around to walk away, would you believe him? I think not. In a world where international morality has been relegated to the rubbish heap, asking for guarantees from any nation is ridiculous.

San Francisco, Cal.

ANNA VIERA

EDITOR: Thank you for your efforts to keep America out of the war. May God reward you with success!

Atheistic, Communistic Russia has now entered the war, and we can expect the interventionists, or war mongers, as they should be called, will clothe her with the garb of a democracy and a crusader against Nazism, after which they will expect Christian Americans to aid this breeder of isms; perhaps they will even expect us to fight side by side with Communists.

No true Christian, Catholic or Protestant, can conscientiously desire to aid Russia, for by so doing he would also be aiding in Russia's atheistic campaign to liquidate the very name of God from the entire world. It is the duty of every Christian to protest against any and all aid to Russia, by writing his Congressmen and even the President.

In my opinion, Catholics would be obliged to be conscientious objectors if America entered the war to fight with Russia. Am I right?

We must not say that by aiding Russia we would be saving ourselves. That's a Communistic philosophy: "the end justifies the means." There can be no compromise whatever between Christianity and atheistic Communism, even to rid the world of Hitlerism.

Nashville, Tenn.

J. C.

EDITOR: Should we aid Russia? Some favor unlimited aid; others limited. In your editorial, *Russia Enters the World War*, you suppose aid to be given, but hand down no opinion as to the justice or limit of such aid. To me there seem grounds for our being obliged to render no assistance to Russia.

In his Encyclical *Divini Redemptoris*, Pius XI emphatically stated: "Communism is intrinsically

wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever." It would seem a mere quibble for anyone in answer to this statement to say that aid was to be given to Russia and not to Communism. Furthermore, the answer to those who advocate aid to Russia in order to avoid a greater evil would be: "The end does not justify the means."

This Russian-German war presents a difficulty. If Germany defeats Russia, the power of Hitler will be immeasurably increased and the peace and security of the world proportionately threatened. If, on the other hand, Russia defeats Germany, who is there to say that Russia will not be as great a threat, at least ultimate if not immediate, to Christian civilization as Hitler? In the flush of such a triumph the world would be only too quick to hail her as the savior of democracy, would minimize the dangers of her ideology and receive her into the bosom of the family of nations. Having once gained the gratitude and friendship of the world, Russian Communism would not be slow in betraying that friendship more treacherously, if less flagrantly, than Nazi Germany.

Which is worse: Germany or Russia?

Oakham, Mass.

THOMAS F. TROY

## CRITIC'S ANSWER

EDITOR: I regret that anyone should consider my review of *This Burning Heat* as malign or ill-willed. Any contention of such a nature is, of course, false.

I have read many of the multitudinous books published recently about England. Most are not of much worth. It is regrettable that so epic a subject has been so often chosen by writers not fitted to their task. To lavish praise on a book merely because it is devoted to a tremendous topic is the part of a partisan, not of a critic.

Maisie Ward would, I am sure, be the first to declare that her volume is not great. I did not praise it greatly because it did not deserve great praise. But because it gives information on a side of the war which is neglected by the secular press, it deserves, as I have said, the attention of our American Catholics.

It would befit only a fool to belittle the courage of the English people. Their almost incredible display of courage has stirred the admiration of the whole world. It is nevertheless true, as I suggested in my review, that the universality of this English courage makes it impossible to comprehend fully the depths of their valor. The greater part of us, I fear, are inclined to accept their most unusual courage as the usual thing. It is lamentable; but it is so. I regret that it is so. It was with these thoughts in mind that I wrote my review.

New York, N. Y.

F. X. CURRAN

# LITERATURE AND ARTS

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## MRS. CROWLEY'S KITCHEN WAS DARIEN

DORAN HURLEY

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THE distance between Clapham in London and the Old Parish is not, in these days of sympathy for the English spirit, nearly so wide and deep as the chasm between Noel Coward and myself in art and letters. Yet once when we both were A. A. Milne-ish, Mr. Coward and myself, I find, were united in a close bond.

It has never been my good fortune to see Christopher Morley plain, not even in his Elysian Fields of Hoboken; and I know William Rose Benét only in the printed page. Alexander Woollcott, too, is to me but a voice that follows a bell, a pieman crying the anecdotes of his four-and-twenty literary and theatrical blackbirds. Yet with them, as with Mr. Coward, I hold a certain vastly prized kinship.

Once, before the scenery collapsed on dear Mrs. Crowley's head in Ford's theatre in Baltimore, I may have had vague fancies of some day knowing Coward, the playwright, Morley, the producer and Woollcott, the critic. But since I now shudder at even Hurley, the dramatist, I am quite content with the single honest link I have with these gentlemen of high degree.

It is this. That with them I may happily count myself among those whom Mr. Morley describes as "a certain select swathe of American citizens who twenty-five years ago . . . used by some good luck to have access to the sainted old *Strand* magazine . . . and to whom the name of E. Nesbit remains as a glamor and a joy."

I do not quite know at this day and date how copies of an English magazine, no matter how "sainted," found their way to the top of the plush-draped sewing machine between the sunny windows in Mrs. Patrick Crowley's Old Parish kitchen. But they did, and it was there, with Dickie the canary trilling above me, that I discovered the delights of E. Nesbit at about the same time that Mr. Coward, then quite unknown to me or fame, found a second-hand bookshop in Clapham that sold back numbers of the *Strand* for a penny each. In his autobiography he tells of hoarding his pocket money "until I could buy a whole year's worth in order to read the E. Nesbit story right through without having to wait for the next installment." In that way, he says, he gorged himself delightfully on *The Phoenix and the Carpet*, *Five Children and It* and *The Magic City*.

I was much more fortunate than he in being one of those American citizens of whom Mr. Morley writes, quite without the vote for years to come, of course, but with a marked sense of the rights and privileges to which I was heir. Once I had exhausted Mrs. Crowley's treasure trove, I immediately popped myself down to the Millington Public Library. At ten I was an old, and I fancied valued, patron of the children's room there, having been formally presented to its joys at seven by an older cousin who I am now afraid confines his reading to dry and ponderous magisterial briefs in the upper courts.

Once having discovered E. Nesbit, it was the work of a moment for a dignified student of letters like myself to make prompt arrangements with my librarian friends, Miss McDermott, Miss Power and Miss Lawson, for prior rights to all Nesbit books in the catalog and advance information on all new ones entering the library.

So it was that I was able to read all of E. Nesbit with no problem of conscience arising to jeopardize my good standing in our Saint Aloysius' Sodality. Mr. Coward, on the other hand, faced with a dilemma I can today truly appreciate, confesses pawning a coral necklace of his mother's to buy the complete book of *The Magic City*, when he found certain parts missing from the pile on the book shop counter. He mentions that when, in later years, he met the gracious lady, whom he found "as firm and as nice and as humorous as her books," that early scapegrace incident made a bond between them.

I know that I must have been a much more smug and less venturesome child than Mr. Coward, yet I feel that I had an even closer bond with a writer whom I once placed immeasurably higher than Shakespeare, and that she and I could have met too—even when I was reading her books for the first time—with more than usual polite understanding. For E. Nesbit had, by the time her children's stories appeared, become a Catholic.

Since in the history of her time, E. Nesbit and her first husband, Hubert Bland, editor of *Today*, are so closely linked with Bernard Shaw, Havelock Ellis, William Morris and the beginnings of the Fabian movement, her conversion to Catholicism is never stressed. Indeed her biographer, Doris



Langley Moore, acts more than ordinarily pained about it. She treats it rather as an unconvincing aberration in a really worthy—but on the other hand very unconventional—woman. The most Miss Moore vouchsafes is that the conversion did happen in the 'Nineties; but her raised eyebrows and pursed lips proclaim that both the 'Nineties and E. Nesbit were more than slightly gay and mad, and that *this* proves it.

Contrariwise, the assumption is carefully left that E. Nesbit, as an obedient Victorian wife, primly and placidly followed in the footsteps of Mr. Bland when he abandoned Socialism, then almost a sectarian religion in itself, for the age-old living Faith which is the Church. They do protest too much—of a woman whom Richard Le Gallienne hailed as having "boyish, birdlike charm," the most artlessly childlike Bohemian of her time, who delighted in flowing esthetic gowns with spangles, in sailing glossy, colored ships in the moat about her house, and in building, with Lord Dunsany, magic cities and castles of dominoes, ashtrays and chessmen. All quite, quite "unlike the home life of our own dear Queen."

As it actually was, although her formal entrance into the Church did not come until the 'Nineties, she had long been a close friend of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, very much to the horror of her Bohemian and Socialist admirers.

More than that, we have proof that the way was long but that the light shone early, and neither gay madness nor prim wifely obedience had anything at all to do with it.

As early as eleven, E. Nesbit, then at school at the Ursuline Convent in Dinan, France, wrote pleadingly and intelligently to her parents:

Why do you never write to me to tell me that I may be a Catholic? I know you will let me. Do write and say so. You say that you do not believe that Our Lord is body and soul in the Holy Communion? Well, at the last supper, when Our Lord took the bread and wine He did not say "This is the figure of my body, this is the figure of my blood." He said "This is my body and this is my blood. This do in remembrance of Me." What are you going to do in remembrance of Him? What had He just done? He had changed the bread and wine into his body and blood. The priests being the descendants of the Apostles operate the change.

Moreover, we know that whereas in her early writing years she was preoccupied with her husband's Socialism, in 1911, long after her conversion, she published her *Ballads and Verses of the Spiritual Life*, her way of telling of her happiness in her religion. And more important still, we know that it was not until she became a Catholic, her mind at rest and ease, that with lightness of heart she wrote the children's books upon which her fame will always rest.

*The Story of the Treasure Seekers*, *The Wouldbegoods* and *The New Treasure Seekers* have latterly been gathered into a "bumper" volume called *The Bastable Children*, with a preface by Christopher Morley; and the stories that Mr. Coward and I read in the *Strand* magazine as *The Psammead*, *The Phoenix and the Carpet* and *The Story of the Amulet* in another omnibus book with the title *The*

*Five Children*. Mrs. May Lamberton Becker has written the introduction to the re-published *The Enchanted Castle*, and the distinguished librarian, Earle Walbridge, recalls his own youth "and the blue-covered *Strand* magazine in a Vermont attic" in presenting anew *The Wonderful Garden*. So have some of the delights of E. Nesbit been brought forward to a second and even third generation, much as they were lavished on those contemporaries who gathered at her home in Kent. Said one of them:

It was a beautiful house. There was never really any money, but that never made any difference. There was always enough of everything—time enough to listen, food enough for another plate, music enough, talk a-plenty.

There is little point in writing of just what happens in an E. Nesbit book. If you know them you will talk faster of them and more enthusiastically than I could possibly write. If you were less fortunate than these other famous ones and I, and charm and imaginativeness and whimsicality that is gay and humorous but never coy still have appeal for you, then read the books yourselves, no matter how old you are. They are children's books only as Barrie's *Peter Pan* might be considered a children's play.

I warn you, however, that you must believe in magic, the magic of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* or, in strict modernity, of a Walt Disney motion picture. It is, as Mrs. Becker so aptly puts it, "the reasonableness of magic, once you conquer its unreasonableness."

Since E. Nesbit wrote her books for English children primarily, religion enters them only in the presence of an agreeable vicar or a less agreeable pillar of the Established Church. Yet every so often Mrs. Bland's joyous Catholicism flashes forth so that he who runs may read. In *Wet Magic*, for example, you know very well that it was not by idle chance that Joan of Arc is listed among the personified Book Heroes and John Knox with Uriah Heep in the detestable ranks of the Book Hatefals.

And in *The Bastable Children* comes this delightful bit of dialogue:

"This is the Dean's Chapel; it was the Lady Chapel in the wicked days when people used to worship the Virgin Mary."

H. O. said, "I suppose they worship the Dean now."

It is easy indeed to trace in passages like that the gladsome Catholicism of the woman back to the little girl in the Ursuline Convent who for all her deep understanding of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist could at the same time be wrathful about the aims of Prince Bismarck. For with many blots and inky fingers little Daisy Nesbit prayed, in a prophetic first poem:

God! Let the Germans be suppressed  
So that Europe at last may have a rest!

It is a sentiment with which even so staunch an isolationist and non-interventionist as Mrs. Patrick Crowley agrees, even if she has long ago forgotten my gleeful shouts of complete approval as I read the *Strand* magazine in the sunny, magic-scented sanctum of her kitchen.

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## MOTH-HOUR

Now is the hour moths come out:  
Stumbling revenants  
Through the forest corridors of blue,  
They issue forth to their fragrant haunts.  
This hour they have always come—  
Ghostly and dumb—  
To rooms where fatal beauty lay  
In Troy and Herculaneum.  
So they come through the leaf-world light  
Beneath the hemlocks now, and, as they pass,  
The last reluctant gold the high boughs keep,  
Goes like the earth's last golden girl to sleep.  
Tom Boggs

## LETTER FROM DAD

Twelve lines in all. This was our word from him,  
His semi-annual communication,  
Spare as a naked bone but rich in marrow,  
Essence from essence wrung till separation  
Halted at last, till words could not be less  
And still say anything. We always smile  
And read the lines again for what they lack,  
Being so eloquent of him. No style  
Holds our attention on that single page,  
No words nor anything which can be seen.  
The facts are facts: He's well, the weather fair,  
Hopes he will see us soon. But in between  
Those artless lines we find a print of him  
Fidgeting by a table with his pen  
Clutched in fierce readiness. His eyes seek out  
The furtive prose, and gravely now and then  
He moves to capture the unwary word,  
Ensnarers it with a sigh, seals well the door,  
Whistles at duty done for six months more!  
ISABELLE BRYANS LONGFELLOW

## SAINT JOHN XVII, 21

Why should a Turkish galley  
Crawling on oaken oars,  
Sliding down far horizons  
To war on distant shores,  
Carry my heart a captive,  
And scar my back with whips,  
Pouring fire in my marrow,  
Forcing blood from my lips?

Who is this unnamed Christian?  
Across his back is curled  
The lash which cuts my shoulders . . .  
For God so loved the world . . .  
We heave the oar together,  
Beneath the brazen sun,  
Fruit of the deathless prayer,  
That they all may be one.  
WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

## TOTS? NOTS!

Said Brenda, when I get married,  
I simply won't be harried  
With babies.  
I'd just as soon have rabies.

So Brenda soon was wed,  
And, just as she had said,  
No babies—  
That's all—no buts or maybes.

Babies are expensive,  
She said when she was pensive.  
The car  
Is all that we can pay for.

I'd just as soon breed cats  
As raise a lot of brats.  
If felines  
Bore me, I can take up sea-lions.

But brats you got to keep,  
Your harvest you must reap.  
The state  
A child won't confiscate.

So we won't take a chance.  
Our interest's in romance!  
No bad  
Effects will then be had.

So Brenda and her spouse  
Bought two cars and a house,  
And soon  
Had options on the moon.

They purchased sixteen cars  
And lived on candy bars.  
(For look—  
Brenda couldn't cook.)

The house was now mirage.  
They lived in a garage,  
Not far  
From their eighty-second car.

They hadn't any brats,  
But filled their cars with cats  
Until  
They died and left their will.

Postscript  
The will  
Was nil.

LOU BALDWIN, JR.

## MISCALCULATION

I took my stature just the other day,  
Not in the usual inchwise measure way  
But up against a cross which He had sent.  
With head held high and arms outflung, I stood,  
So I could stretch the distance of the rood.  
I found, alas, it wouldn't do at all—  
For I was far too tall and it so small  
That I must stoop and stoop, half bent—  
I couldn't notch a token of my measurement.  
O Lady, win for me the littleness of God  
That I may smaller grow to fit His measuring rod.  
SISTER MIRIAM FIDELIS



## BOOKS

### THE VALIANT WOMAN SHALL BE PRAISED

THE LAND OF SPICES. By Kate O'Brien. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THIS novel is a rare achievement. It is a story of convent life that is not in the least mawkish or sentimental. It faces and makes attractive a fact that may come as a surprise to many over-idealistic readers, namely that the religious life is not always a luxurious bath of sweet consolation, but that it may be sublime, though dry and hard, through a sense of high duty and service.

Reverend Mother (Helen Archer), the superioress of the Irish house of the Compagnie de la Sainte Famille, found her position doubly trying. First, she was English, and found it hard to sympathize with the heady Irish nationalism which imbued so many of the priest-friends of the convent and which was taking root in not a few of her subjects. This she viewed as a threat to the spirit of the Order's education. Secondly, her reserve and prudence gave her the appearance of coldness, and she found it hard to make friends, either with her Sisters or with the young ladies of the school.

But toward little Anna Murphy she felt a curious kinship. The little girl's recital of a poem beloved by Reverend Mother's father recalls her happy childhood with this cultured agnostic—happy until his sin almost shattered her love for him, and sent her, rather blindly, into Religion. And so, Anna comes to be a sort of recapitulation of the nun's life, and through watching the little girl's struggle with an unhappy home environment, the death of a beloved brother and opposition to her continued study at the University, the nun finds new sympathy and understanding for all.

The story follows the day-by-day routine of convent school life. It is extremely sensitive, both in style and in insight, and there is a delicate humor running through it all. The priest characters are very humanly, if a little unflatteringly, drawn. All in all, the novel merits that very hackneyed review word, "distinguished." The writing is delicate and poised, the story warm and restrained, the general impression one of deep reverence for the ideals of the religious life.

DONALD G. GWYNN

### LAST ELIZABETHAN'S AMIABLE, ECCENTRIC WIFE

SIR RICHARD BURTON'S WIFE. By Jean Burton. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3

A CHARACTER is what Boswell would have called Isabel Arundel. Daughter of an ancient English Catholic family, the member of a tight social set made up of perhaps a dozen families, she staged an early revolt against the conventions of Victorian society. Shortly after her debut she decided, with the help of a gypsy, that she would marry the man of her dreams—a stalwart, romantic soldier who lived dangerously and could dominate her completely. Unlike most girls, she met and married her vision. Actually Captain Richard Burton was a bit of a brigand, a proud, impetuous, eccentric adventurer, fantastically learned in the language and culture of Asia and Africa, a soldier, traveler, explorer, diplomat and author. Whatever his faults, and they were many, he won and retained the love of a devoted and capable woman.

Mrs. Burton managed his business, accompanied him

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on his travels, defended him against his enemies, won him posts in the Foreign Service, in fine made his life as agreeable and as rewarding as a clever and tenacious woman could. One must go to such legendary figures as Alcestis to find Isabel Burton's equal.

But Isabel was a full-blown personality in her own right. An ardent Catholic, she was devoted to charitable enterprises; an uninhibited feminist, she performed physical exploits which would daunt the German army; an amiable eccentric, she maintained an assortment of friends as odd as her menagerie of cats and wild animals; an upper-class Englishwoman, she arranged the lives of natives, ballyragged the clergy, initiated branches of the S.P.C.A. and cultivated spiritualism. A voluminous correspondent, a torrential talker, she attracted by sheer good will when her husband dominated by almost savage force. This extraordinary couple, so different in their family, training and religious beliefs, displayed a mutual affection which in itself justifies a literary effort.

In addition to the string of quotations from the two Burtons, which makes the book lively, the author has endeavored to supply some of the narrative and, more rarely, parts of the background. In the latter phase of her work she is not always satisfactory. Her handling of the juicy Tichborne scandal is much too brief and her failure to explain the connection of the Burtons with various occult societies and practices will provoke questions, the answers to which are not readily available to the general reader. These and other imperfections are minor. The book is a colorful life of a fascinating woman who is undoubtedly the most amiable of England's many eccentrics. FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

## JOURNALISTIC EXEGESIS OF THE NAZI BIBLE

WHAT MEIN KAMPF MEANS TO AMERICA. By Francis Hackett. Reynal and Hitchcock. \$2

THE foreword tells how one day the author entered a drug store, reluctantly purchased a copy of *Mein Kampf*, eagerly read the book and then felt it his duty to do something about it. So away he sailed to the Virgin Islands, there to write a study in which he becomes the guide, in the sense of being "a discriminator and a discursive commentator," for all who read his pages.

Since *Mein Kampf* is a document containing essentially a philosophy and a system of government, out of which arises a plan of action and a struggle for conquest, it becomes the author's first duty to prove the falsity of Hitler's philosophy. This he attempts to do by setting up in opposition to totalitarianism, American democracy. Here the author, strong in emotion and condemnatory epithets, is weak in refutation, because he neglects to refer back to ultimates and to the fundamental principles behind democracy.

Democracy as it was founded in this country rests on Christian principles. It finally harks back, like it or not, to the Catholic philosophers, Saint Thomas, Suarez, Bellarmine, who taught in the universities of Europe the great truths on which democracy depends. They taught that man is created by God free, and in essentials, equal; that government depends for its just powers on the consent of the governed; that the state, a natural institution, is made for man, and not man for the state.

Unwilling to commit himself to a refutation based on the fundamentals behind democracy, the author soon descends to emotionalism and preaches hatred of Hitler, as though the man mattered more than the philosophy. He devotes a chapter to the split personality of Hitler whom he dubs a neurotic and a schizoid. He even seems to think that Hitler can change the ideology of Catholics in Germany, and he says that Henry VIII did the same thing in England. It took centuries of persecution to kill Catholicism in England. It never died en-



tirely, and in the time of Newman there occurred a Second Spring.

From Hitler, the author turns to Lindbergh whom he compares to Typhoid Mary. Being an Irishman, he assumes the right to lecture the Irish on their lack of enthusiasm for the cause of England. He even appeals to the Catholic belief in the Mosaic Decalogue, and chides Irish Catholics because they are not loud enough in condemning Hitler for killing the unfit in Germany. Does he not know that the Catholics in this country are busy fighting a sinister movement to make legal voluntary euthanasia?

Let any man who holds a modicum of Christian principles first read a criticism of *Mein Kampf* by some Catholic author, and then let him read this book and note the contrast between the journalistic method of strong assertion, emotionalism and abuse, and calm, logical refutation based on eternal truths.

The author makes a faint apology for Communism as compared with Hitlerism. But Communism still remains synonymous with atheism, even if Stalin, now trembling in the Kremlin, is reported to be offering the scattered Poles their independence. GEORGE T. EBERLE

ABOVE SUSPICION. By Helen MacInnes. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50

WHEN the reports of an important secret agent suddenly became misleading, some six weeks before the end of June, 1939, the London headquarters wanted to know whether the false information was meant as a warning that things had gone amiss or meant that their man had been liquidated. Young Oxford professor Richard Myles and his wife, Frances, were entrusted with the devious and delicate mission of finding out the answer because they were wont to spend their summer vacations traveling on the continent, and because, as "amateurs," they were unknown to the enemy and were, therefore, above suspicion. On the boat train from Dieppe to Paris, at the start of an adventurous journey, Frances Myles finds herself imagining every stout Swiss commercial traveler to be a member of the OGPU, a pinched little governess a German agent. "I've seen too much Hitchcock lately, she thought." Whether or not Miss MacInnes has been seeing much Hitchcock, she knows how to tell a story that has sound plot, mounting suspense, intelligent humor. Expert weaving of small details, each significant to the growing web of excitement, in a pattern of swiftly moving action makes this novel, (Miss MacInnes' first), the best tale since *Escape* and *Rogue Male*.

If you have been looking for something that will keep your mind off the heat and send pleasant chills chasing up and down your spine for a few hours, this is what you want. *Above Suspicion* is a can't-put-it-down tale and prime reading. R. F. GRADY

THE HARP AND THE BLADE. By John Myers Myers. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

FINNIAN, an Irish minstrel equally skilled in music and fighting, is on a peaceful journey through western France in the troubled days of the tenth century. The land was almost lawless because of the frequent raids of the Danes and of the presence of large armed bands of robbers, but chiefly because of the rivalries of local warriors who cherished ambitions of ruling the country. The story circles around the Abbey of St. Charles in the region of the Loire, where Conan and Count Chilbert are the leaders. Conan aims at giving the people the security needed for a return to peaceful occupation, but Chilbert is looking only to his own supremacy, while the Abbot in his monastic stronghold is waiting for an opportunity to promote law and order.

In a tavern brawl Finnian falls foul of Chilbert and becomes involved in the struggle on the side of Conan. There is much swordplay and at the close a big battle in the shadow of the abbey walls. Deeds of valor and courtesy shine forth in the traditional style of the days of chivalry, and the movement of the narrative is consistently swift and exciting. As in many present day

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books details of sexual sin are presented with a frankness that bars the book from general reading. Specimens of Finnian's versifying lend pleasing variety. Monastic life is sketched with such lights and shadows as were to be expected in those days of disorder. A love story balances the warlike exploits, but neither Finnian nor his comrades seem deeply religious.

WILLIAM A. DOWD

NORTHWEST GATEWAY: THE STORY OF THE PORT OF SEATTLE. By Archie Binns. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

FOR one with a love of the cutting salt spray, the romance of the sea, the dash and color of the rugged west, Indian wars and the rush for gold—for such a one *Northwest Gateway* will afford keen delight.

This is the third book of the Seaport Series, preceded by Max Miller's story of San Diego, *Harbor of the Sun*. It is not fiction, but history, and into the narrative is breathed a lightness and warmth of style that vivifies the cold historical facts. To this is added a touch of the fanciful by the colorful imagination of Mr. Binns.

The author's philosophy of life, mildly implied, and manifested more by what he does not say than by his actual words, would seem to tend toward the materialistic. A typical example is this quotation, the opening sentence of his chapter on the gold rush: "The sentiment is this: you live only once at most, and if you are poor, only part of once." Though he does not claim this sentiment as his own, his treatment would seem to hint that riches are necessary for a happy life.

The narrative begins with the very first cabin built on the site of Seattle, and winds down to the present day. The treatment is personal: you are introduced not only to the city, but to the pioneers, to the weal and woe of the founders of a great city of the future. Recorded here is the pathetic account of Chief Seattle, after whom the seaport is named, the long fight for a railroad, the Chinese riots, and the ravaging fire that destroyed the greater part of Seattle in a single day and night. Unfortunately, an otherwise laudable work is tainted by a few spots of perfectly avoidable coarseness.

LOUIS GAFFNEY

SOCIAL WELLSPRINGS: FOURTEEN EPOCHAL DOCUMENTS BY POPE LEO XIII. By Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.50

THE studios of the Vatican Radio Station now occupy what was Leo XIII's summer villa perched on the highest slope of the Vatican Gardens. To the rear of the villa is a little round tower nook where he used to retire to write poetry. Today it is a chapel. It is all rather fitting that the physical voice of the Vatican should still be coming from the place where Leo thought and wrote.

How well he thought and the range of his writing can be gathered from this volume of selected letters. He is best known for the Charter of Labor embodied in *Rerum Novarum*, but he wrote equally well on many a subject—on marriage, the home, politics, government, Christian Democracy, Duties of Citizens, Race and Religion, Human Liberty. Father Husslein calls the volume *Social Wellsprings*, and no one interested in social thought, social theory or social practice can afford to be unfamiliar with this carefully edited selection of Leo's best thought.

Interesting study within the book itself is the growth of Leo's own Labor philosophy as seen in the two encyclicals, *Quod Apostolici Muneris* and *Rerum Novarum*. Going beyond the volume, there will be a very fruitful comparison of *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*, between Leo's Marriage Encyclical and that of Pius, between Catholic Action of Pius and Leo's Christian Popular Action. Both Pontiffs wrote on Education and both wrote on the Rosary.

On the fiftieth anniversary of *Rerum Novarum*, those who are preparing to write or speak on Leo XIII, pioneer, philosopher, sociologist, prophet, man, will be more sure of their ground after a study of this excellent volume.

JOHN P. DELANEY



# MUSIC

**RECORDINGS.** The conductors who are helping to demolish the myth that Tchaikovsky wrote but three symphonies will receive a vote of thanks from every admirer of this great Russian composer's art.

Tchaikovsky wrote six symphonies, but such leaders as Koussevitsky, Stokowski, and Mengelberg have disregarded the first, second and third, showing a favoritism for the fourth, fifth and sixth, which have been recorded by these conductors for Victor and Columbia.

Tchaikovsky called the sixth (his last) symphony a "Program Symphony," but we know it today as the *Pathétique*. He received a very poor reception when he chose to conduct this work in a first performance in St. Petersburg (Leningrad) in 1893. A year later, Walter Damrosch, conducting the New York Philharmonic, decided to give the *Pathétique* its first hearing in America. From then on it was an instantaneous success. Unfortunately, Tchaikovsky never had the pleasure of knowing this, for he had passed away on Nov. 6, 1893.

Albert Coates and the London Philharmonic have already recorded Tchaikovsky's third for Victor, and last March this same company accepted another recording of it by Hans Kindler and Washington's National Symphony Orchestra. Add to these program-makers no less a name than Igor Stravinsky, who, in numerous recent appearances as guest conductor has repeatedly favored the second and third and you have undeniable assurance that the number of Tchaikovsky's hearable symphonies is actually five. Where is the first symphony? It has never been recorded and is seldom, if ever, played.

During this past month, Victor released the *Second Symphony in C minor*, (M-790) played by the Cincinnati Symphony, Eugene Goossens conducting. This vibrant and colorful music receives here its first recording. It represents a less familiar vein of Tchaikovsky, for his use of Russian folk tunes in the first and last movements make this work the most distinctly national of all his symphonies. Full of lusty movement and humor, it is one of the brighter chapters in a symphonic saga which culminates with the intensely despairing utterances of the great *Pathétique*.

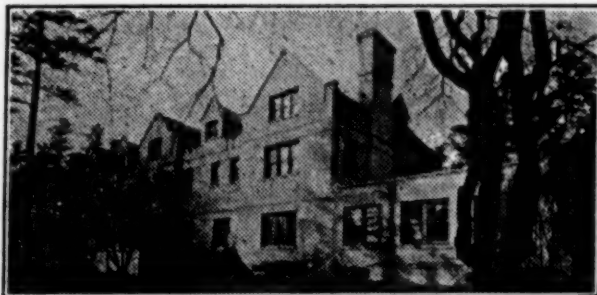
The brilliancy of Tchaikovsky's instrumentation and his technique is as deft here as in any other work and it certainly tests an orchestra's individual and collective virtuosity. Eugene Goossens's affinity for the Russian school is well known and his acoustical demands, his incisive attack and tonal brilliance make this a model recording.

With American interest, and sympathy running strongly at present toward the Scandinavian lands, Victor has felt the increased interest in the culture of these countries. This has brought about the recent release of Hugo Alfven's *Midsummer Vigil*, (M-788), based on Swedish folk song and dance tunes. It is divided into three portions, each corresponding to a record side. The melody of the first part, *allegro moderato*, is announced by the clarinet. It is repeated by the flute and oboe in octaves, subsequently by the bassoon and then by the violins. The second part, an *andante*, is a romantic movement of considerable length. It flows directly into the *allegretto*, soon giving way to the *allegro con brio*, announced by the liveliest folk-dance tune in the work.

A group of Alfven's compatriots, the Stockholm Orchestra conducted by Nils Grevillius, have ably given the first recorded performance of a work by this composer.

ANNABEL COMFORT

AMERICA's music critic will be glad to answer any questions on matters musical. Queries on historical points, on schools, courses, instructors and like points will be answered either personally or in this column. Questions should be addressed to AMERICA.



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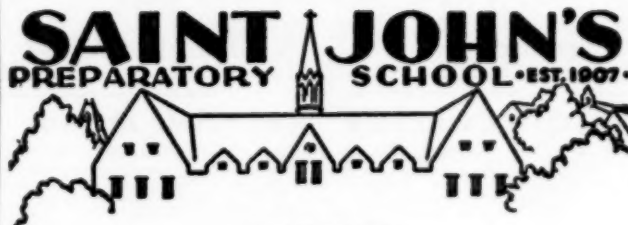
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# THEATRE

**MORE ABOUT YOUNG PLAYERS:** Last week I wrote about the best acting in the biggest scenes of the season's plays, paying especial attention also to charming bits by newcomers, that are apt to escape us when many plays and much good work demand attention. This week I shall continue and conclude that congenial task, for I think we all feel a peculiar pleasure in the thrill that newcomers to the stage sometimes give us.

In recalling New York's various Spring productions, I find myself lingering over the charming performance Dolly Haas gave us in the Dramatic Work Shop's revival of an old Chinese play, *The Circle of Chalk*. Miss Haas, who is distinctly a newcomer among us, did such admirable work throughout the play that it is hard to single out any special highlight. Her scenes with her young lover were beautifully played. But of course the most dramatic episode of the drama was the scene in which the lovely heroine is brought as a slave, after a weary, back-breaking and heart-breaking journey, to the court of a young prince, is recognized by him as the girl he has met and loved when he was travelling through his country in disguise, and is triumphantly reunited to him as the final curtain falls.

All this is written and acted with oriental subtlety and charm, and it affords a very good lesson to the type of young actress who, despite the present strong trend toward naturalness on our stage, is still a bit inclined to "emote," as old-timers put it. Miss Haas never does. Her work, which will become very popular with us as time passes, is exquisitely restrained. But the most subtle part of her acting was the fidelity with which she expressed the oriental character. In word, look and action, she was Chinese.

One of the surprises of the season was the brief visit to us of Zoe Akins' new play, *Happy Days*. Miss Akins has written so many successful plays that we awaited *Happy Days* with unusual interest. It failed because it was out-dated. It contained, however, some delightful bits, the best of them a scene between two of our most promising young actresses, Diana Barrymore and Joan Tetzel, beautifully played by both.

Another promising newcomer to our stage—new in the sense that he is not much more than a mere name to the theatregoing public—is John Randolph. In two days (due to the illness of the star) Mr. Randolph memorized the leading role in *Any Day Now*, and played it admirably. He will make a firm place for himself on our stage, as soon as he has improved his diction. This is always a bit throaty, and, at times, inaudible.

I have previously mentioned my admiration for Richard Waring's work in *The Corn is Green*. With every eye in the audience firmly fixed on Ethel Barrymore throughout the drama, and with the entire attention of the owners of the eyes also centered on her every minute she is on the stage, her associates are merely "among those present." Nevertheless, Mr. Waring impresses himself on those tense audiences by the quiet perfection of his work. It is an achievement.

A similar one, under similar difficulties, is Donald Cook's acting in *Claudia*, which stands admirably the test of comparison with the exquisite work both Dorothy McGuire and Frances Starr are putting into their every scene.

In my original review of *They Walk Alone*, I warmly praised Elsa Lanchester's acting as the maid who so successfully combined church organ-playing with the wholesale murdering of young men. Some of my colleagues did not agree with me about this, but that does not necessarily mean that I am wrong. I agree with my colleagues that both Miss Lanchester and the play went to pieces most disastrously just before the fall of the final curtain.

ELIZABETH JORDAN



# FILMS

**TOM, DICK AND HARRY.** A dream play which does not sin with Strindberg or wallow in Freud cannot help being a vastly amusing oddity among films too often devoted to an unpleasant impression of reality, but the very conscious eccentricity of this production, indulging camera tricks which suggest an uninitiate expressionism, keeps it nearer the level of farce than of fantasy. The story arrests a crisis in the life of a telephone operator, an ordinary girl in the extraordinary predicament of having to choose one husband from three suitors. Her marriage to each in turn, high-pressure salesman, mechanic and millionaire, is appraised during a dream, and the convenient but wholly impracticable idea of marrying them all is exploded. Being essentially a realist in spite of her excursions into the subconscious, the heroine makes a realistic choice. Garson Kanin's clever direction, alternately whimsical and satirical, gives the film novelty and sparkle, but there is, here and there, the suggestion that the humor stops just short of ribaldry. Ginger Rogers is excellent running a gamut of character changes impossible to a prosaic film, and George Murphy, Burgess Meredith and Alan Marshall make sharply defined characters out of urban types. The production is an *adult* exception to most movie rules and first-rate entertainment. (RKO)

**KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE.** Clare Boothe's farce, which once lampooned the frantic quest for Scarlett O'Hara, has been revised to spare Hollywood's feelings at the expense of Broadway's, but there is still too much of the original spirit and substance left for acceptable entertainment. Victor Schertzinger has made a musical comedy out of the play, reducing the politically-minded Miss Boothe to the lowly status of librettist, and appropriately it is the musical content of the film which holds up most creditably in a generally futile production. A chorus girl, learning that a Southern heroine is wanted for a Broadway show, goes home to stage a Dixie spectacle to snare the part. But the director's opposition to her introduces complications before the unoriginal ending is reached. Mary Martin is fortunate in having the better part of song and story, but Don Ameche is not so happy in the confused role of director. Oscar Levant is too doggedly spontaneous to be altogether effective, but Elizabeth Patterson, Barbara Allen, Rochester and Minor Watson are good support. In spite of the improvements on the sulphuric original, the film still has frankly *objectionable moments*, and the whole is not worth seeing for its amusing parts. (Paramount)

**TWO IN A TAXI.** The woes of an independent taxi driver are illustrated in this minor film which nevertheless marks a trend of the times in that it revives the myth of a benevolent Marxist. The cabbie, given an opportunity to buy a gas station and win security, almost deviates from the right path to get the down payment but apparent failure is turned into last-minute success. The pseudo-philosophical Comrade is an incidental absurdity. Robert Florey's direction is unimaginative and there is not much more than bickering to the tale. Russell Hayden and Anita Louise are adequate in a passable *family* film. (Columbia)

**THE PARSON OF PANAMINT.** Peter B. Kyne's story of rugged religion in the West comes to the screen as lively and well-directed melodrama, and the incidents which simulate a plot are interesting in a reminiscent fashion. Charles Ruggles, as a denizen of the desert with a bent for straightening out complications, dominates the picture, with Ellen Drew and Philip Terry lending stout support in a good *adult* thriller. (Paramount)

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## EVENTS

(THE Northern Newspaper Syndicate of the planet Saturn has exclusive rights to publish the experiences of Gulla Ver, Jr. Mr. Ver, a native of Jupiter, who later moved to Saturn, encountered a star-dust storm on an interplanetary expedition and fell on a hitherto unknown planet, Earth, into a toy-like city called Washington. His latest dispatch follows). . . .

I recently staged the first interplanetary broadcast in firmament history. Many feel it will mark the beginning of a good-neighbor policy among the planets and perhaps eventually lead to interplanetary loans. The technical difficulties, though appalling, were finally surmounted by my discovery that short and long waves mixed in the proportion of one-third short and two-thirds long would penetrate both the stratosphere and the star-dust. I eventually succeeded in reaching my old friend, Oph Oomph, manager of a powerful short-long station on Jupiter. He lined up stations on the various planets, comets and shooting stars. For the subject of my first talk, I selected the Earthian custom known as war. In great detail, I narrated how every twenty-five years these little Earthians start murdering one another. A week later, Earthians for the first time heard voices from the far-off firmament. So intense was the interest, that the Earthians even stopped momentarily in their wholesale slaughter of each other in order to listen in. . . . The program ran as follows. . . .

Hello, Earth. Greetings from Jupiter. One minute, please, for station identification. This is Station OO-OO-OO, Jupiter, Oph Oomph speaking. The time is now forty-two o'clock, Jupiter central time. By the way, for accurate time-keeping, there is nothing to equal the OO-OO-OO wrist watch. May be worn anywhere. And now, folks, what a sensation the first broadcast from Earth caused all over Jupiter. It was historic, or something. However, a great deal of skepticism met Gulla Ver's description of your custom known as war. I know Gulla well, and hence believe him, but most here think he is romancing. Such a custom seems incredible to us. To ascertain the sentiment accurately, a planet-wide poll was staged, asking the question: "Do you think it possible for human beings to murder each other on such a vast scale as narrated by Gulla Ver from Earth?" 87 2/3 per cent said they did not believe human beings could act that way; 1/3 per cent thought the thing might be possible on some backward planet; ten per cent were undecided; two per cent refused to answer. . . . So long, folks. . . . You have just heard Oph Oomph describing Jupiterean reaction to the broadcast from Earth.

Hello Earth, Greetings from Halley's Comet. This is Station 1-2-8, Bff Halley speaking. The broadcast from your planet was heard plainly here. It marks a significant step in interplanetary relations. However, nobody here believes that Earthians butcher each other in the manner described. We suggest in future that you tell us the facts about your customs without any blood-curdling embroidery. Remember there are a lot of adults up here on Halley's Comet, adults who know their way around. Horror stories, such as Gulla Ver's fanciful description of wholesale murder, might fool Halley children, but not us grown-ups. We want these interplanetary broadcasts to continue, and this is impossible unless they are based on truth. So please, in future, just forget the horror stuff, and give us the facts about Earth. . . .

The above broadcasts are typical of all the others. When I tell the truth about Earthian customs, nobody believes me. Nevertheless, I will continue to portray the actions of these little Earthians in a thoroughly objective manner.

THE PARADER